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INDECISION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

We say our days are spent in sloth. And all our deeds are done in six Yet careless of our life withi We cannot shake our habits off.

And so we sit us down and speak In idle tones, as children do, Or hurrying on the whole day through, We lose the Peace that we should seek

The Peace that comes with holy guise, And soothes the weary, throbbing brain, When showers like summer's sobbing rain Would gather in our misty eyes.

The Peace that follows days well spent, With oft an act of kindly tone To cheer ead hearts that grieve alone, And win them o'er to sweet content.

That follows fresh on loving deeds, Or kind forbearance when a for An arrow places in his b To pierce the heart until it bleeds.

This Heavenly Peace, whose reign supreme Can make our passing moments blest, And while we journey toward the west Can make our life more than a dream.

MARIE S. L.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCEUR.

CHAPTER XXV.

At length Mr. Lynn raised his head, and his eye fell upon the last paper.

He took it up mechanically and unfolded it.

It was written at a much later period than the

others, and in a trembling band :-I told you how that agony fell upon me, until istress of mind brought me to a bed of sicknees, and then how weak but conquering I arose from it, and tried to go on with my everyday

O John, it was harder to do that than to lie in the augei's arms at rest. Then I was too weary to rebel; but when I had to bear the mo weary to rebet; but when I had to bear the mo-notony of the long days, with each trifling event that made up the sum of them, it seemed as though the burden were too heavy for me. Each morning I longed for the night, that I might lie still and passive, and sometimes in a

transient dream forget the work-day world and all its troubles. And at night I longed for the morning, that I might be at work and in active

labor wear the time away. So nearly a year passed by, and then a wild desire came over me to see you once more. I thought if I could look upon your face again it would enable me to bear what I had determined to bear for your sake. I felt that I could die in peace if I could but see you in life once more. The longing came upon me like a power I could not resist. It seemed to influence me against

my will. I must go; nothing should binder me.

I strove to put away the wish as idle; but it
gained upon me. I heard a voice for ever saying "Go." Day and night it never ceased. Ab! it was but the utterance of my own heart,

and yet it pleaded so mightly with sense and prudence that they gave way before it.

A hundred and fifty miles! It was a long

journey, and I was very poor.

But no impediment daunted me. Had it been a thousand miles, and I had had every mile to journey on foor, I should have gone. A supernatural strength had come to me, all feeling of fatigue had vanished, and I made my prepara

I lest Doris in the care of a trusty though humble friend, a woman superior to her station I will not weary you with the details of m ourney. I arrived on the evening of the second

day at Craythorpe.
It was Saturday, for I had planned that I would see you in church on Sinday. I could watch you then, and you would be in ignorance my presence.

At a cottage, tenanted by a poor widow, I obtained a lodging for the night. She saw how worn and tired I was, and had compassion upon me, and then, too, from my mourning weeds she believed me to be like herself, a widow.

Alas! I was more than a widow. She had lived all her life at Craythorpe, so as we came to talk, she told me all I wanted to know, little imagining how I hung upon her words

She told me how you had come to Lynncourt,

and what a fine place it was.

It was worth a stranger's going to see, if I were not too tired after I had had a cup of tea. Too tired! my strength had all returned. I

And so I went and saw the place wherein my husband dwelt. I trod the stately avenue that he daily trod. I touched the handle of the gate because I knew it had often yielded to his touch. I lingered beneath the trees as if I thought they

ad some message for me.

And then we turned and wandered through the church yard, where she showed me a little grave with a stone cross at its head, whereon grave with a stone cross at its bead, whereon I did not wish it, John, I only thought it; but clouds give us some of the most marvellous. The children were surprised that a sunset effects that it is possible for a painter to the voice from the sitar seemed to speak to me

the beloved children of John and Teresa Gresford Lynn.

you had not forgotten me; I knew it could have fallen down beside that cross and poured out a flood of thanksgiving for that

one word, "Elen."

It was as a draught of cold water to the ty traveller in the desert, it revived my ing beart. I knew that in your happiness I had not been absent from your thoughts, in that you gave your lost wife's name in love and sorrow to the elder child. • Now, on my death-bed, I thank you for that

kindly thought, and may it comfort you to know the consolation that it was to me.

I dared not stay, lest I should betray how deep the interest that I felt, and so I begged the woman to return. I passed the night beneath her roof, but not

a passed the light beneath her root, but no in sleep. Long, long, I communed with myself through the night hours, and prayed for strength to bear me through the day. At length the morning dawned, the cold gray light stole into the room, and I was still awake.

I closed my eyes, but there was no sleep for me, and so I watched and watched until the rosy light should chase the gray away.

At length it came, and looking to the east I saw the sun in all his splendor unclose his cyce

A glorious da A glorious day!
O sun! thou shinest with equal light upon the joyous and the sorrowful, the good and the evil, the just and the unjust, and yet each seeing thee with his own eyes, beholds a different image in

For me it seemed too bright, the light bu

mocked the dark cloud hovering over me and did not dispel it. It made the shadow sharper and more palpable.

It is strange how accurately I remember the most trifling event of that day, and every sense. tion that I experienced.

As the sun rose, the birds began to sing. A gentle song, and yet it gave me rather torture than pleasure, I wished for everything to be quite still, to be hushed as my heart was

Then the church belis began to chime, sweetly, cheerily, waking up the eleepers and telling them it was God's day. But they smote upon me like a funeral peal, sad and direction when the ringers left off, it seemed as though a dull pain were removed from my heart. As church time drew near, I became more

thankful that the poor widow had so much to do that she had not time to notice her guest.

Had I miscalculated my own strength? O John, could I without betraying myself look on your face again?

I clenched my teeth, I drew in my breath, I clasped my hands, I tried to quiet myself, for I felt that I must spring up and rush from the cottage to the massion, there to declare,—

I am thy wife; oh, take me home! John, I had nearly done it-nearly brought misery within those peaceful walls, but that the little grave, the stone cross with the word "Elien," rose up before me, and gave me strength, and gave me better thoughts. I would quer still. "O love, O love, help me to conquer

love through love it self!'

I was not afraid of being recognized. In my coarse stuff dress and homely shawl and widow' veil, I was sufficiently disguised; besides, none would trace in the faded bent woman the Ellen

Carmichael of so many years ago.

I know not how I reached the church. I found myself there amongst the poor people in the aisle, and the widow sat next to me touched me when you entered, but she need no have done so; I knew it already. I knew it the moment that your shadow fell across the threshold, though I was not looking. I felt moment that your shadow fell across the threshold, though I was not looking. I felt your presence, and I knew that you and I were pirit still united.

As you passed up the aisle, you brushed against me, and for a moment I touched your hand. You did not perceive it; and as I touched it, a thrill ran through me, and I trembled violently. My neighbor thought I was going to

But I was not. The service began; and I remembered that I was in the house of God; that His presence was around us, filling all space, and that you and I were shadowed beneath the Almighty wings and folded within the everlasting same. And deep peace fell upon me. It was no human peace. No human peace could so have inspired

me, and so raised my soul.

And then for the first time I lifted up my eyes and looked upon you. You were less changed than I, yet still I could trace the rigus changed than 1, yet will I could trace the right of a great sorrow unforgotten, and I knew that I was in your memory still. I saw you smile as your wife looked up at you; it was a kindly smile, but not the one that I remembered; that

was for me alone.
I wonder how I was so calm-unnaturally calm, it seems to me now; but the strength was given to me that I might bravely fulfill my

purpose I looked upon your wife, a frail and fragile being, and I knew that she was not long for earth. I wished her no harm; she had done me no wrong. Perhaps—O John, I thought per-haps she might die, and then—and then, I might tell you all, and Ellen might come back at last,

alone in clear condemning tones, "Thou shalt do no murder," and I started like a guilty thing.
And so the service passed, and I sat as a
statue, calm and still, taking my last look of
you on earth. And I seemed not to belong to this world, but already to have ascended into

heaven.

And as the organ played, I heard the heavenly harpe sounding, and angelic volces singing in chorus, "Pcace, peace."

Still in my waking dream I followed down the side and through the porch, and along the narrow path leading to the churchyard-gate. And there, in helping your wife into the carriage, a rosebud that was in your coat dropped. I stooped and picked it up unobserved. I have it now, and it will lie with me in my coffic.

I saw you drive away, and then I told the widow that I would rest awhile in the churchyard, and follow her presently.

And so she left me, and the people went away all joyful to their homes. I saw my brother pass; his wife was leaning on his arm, a kindly woman, one whem I could leve. She little knew that within a few yards of her stood her hos-

that within a few yards of her stood her hus band's broken-hearted sister.

When all were gone away, I cought out the little grave, and there I sank down, soy strength, my inspiration, my bravery were all gone. Earth had returned to earth, and I wept bit-

It was over now; I should never see you

more. Never!—never! oh, croel, bitter word! Never! I could not go away—I could not. But a voice within me said chidingly:—"O thou weak woman ! where is thy boseted love?' And still I wept, and as the tears fell down, my selfish heart grew patient. My love had won the victory,—my love for you had conquered all of self within me.

From the river-bank I gathered a bunch of From the river-bank I gathered a bunch of blue forget-me note, and laid them on the grave; and then I went on my way home. I did not dare to trust myself to go back to the widow's cottage I must see no one in Craythorps, or even yet I might betray my scoret. And so she thought me thankless; but I was not. I have blessed her night and morning for

not. I have blessed her night and morning for her kindness to me in my sore distress; and in the last great day I shall rise a witness to ber gracious deed, when the Great Judge shall say unto Hie wondering servant :- "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

And now the end has come. I have not many days to live, and my thoughts go back to the happy past, and I think of the days, John, that remember as well as I, and all sorrowful nemories fade away. There seems to have been a dark bridge connecting that time with this. I see it no longer. I am happy; my thoughts are with you; and I die blessing you with my latest breath. I commit my loris to your care, if for her sake it should ever come to pass that these papers should be placed in your hands. For my sake, John, take care of Duris.

My blessing!-my last blessing! John, beoved husband, my

And here ended the poor wife's stery. The strange past came like a flash of light-ning to Mr. Lynn's recollection. He rememberod the bent and tottering stranger,—he remem-bered the bunch of flowers upon his children's grave, and how he had wondered who had laid O Ellen !- Ellen !

CHAPTER XXVI.

The eastern counties line runs through rather a desolate display of landscape. Essex is cer-tainly not a favorable specimen of English scenery, though here and there one finds a pretty village with picture que lanes, and a river winding through it. But such villages are not on the line of railroad, but lie away from it; and let us hope they may long be spared the effect of its progressive influences, despite the sceming illiberality of the sentiment.

Passing from the Shoredisch Station, through, or rather over miles of houses, the line takes its way through suburban retreats, and out into more decided though flat and uninteresting

country. A wondrous sight those miles and miles of A wontroos agut those made and hites of houses, closely packed together, tall, dark, gloomy, and one enters into a calculation of what might be the average allotment of dwall-ing room to each of the three million lababi tants of the wonderful city .- of how much coais burned to send up so much smoke, that rolls itself into clouds that harg in dingy canoples between earth and heaven, never aspling to sour aloft to their whiter and more transparent brethren: indeed, they appear to have a decided antipathy to fleeing away in an upward direc-tion, their genius being not to rise but to extend themselves, and so they stretch away, north, south, east, west, over turret, steeple, tower, palace, cathedral, abbey, bridges, and river; short and tall chimneys puffing up reinforcements in the shape of voluminous columns that, wisting into fantastic wreaths, crown the brows of the mighty metropolis.

And yet, perhaps, these unappreciated smoke-clouds give us some of the most marvellous

old; when the sun battles through the haze and turns to silver mist the opposing force, or tinges with crimeon, gold, and opal tints the edges of quaintly-shaped masses, or pierces through them with a sudden burst of brightness, sending a whole shower of golden motes at hwart through them with a sudden ourse or originates, sending a whole shower of golden motes athwart their leaden gray; or separates them, letting in a dash of blue so clear and transparent that it glesms like the purest sapphire; or ray crosses ray, or is turned out of its course, and the dusks cloud atmosphere is illuminated, and one be-holds a glorious confusion of light and color— an effect wilder and more wondrously descring than the most bewildering of Turnererque pictures. And below, the city lies in gloomy silhonetts, with spectre towers and spires, and phantom bridges, reflected phantom-like in the burnlebed river. And the heavens seem raining down a shower of golden dust as though in mackery of the toil of those who labor out their

The train goes on. Passing through miles and miles of houses and of outskirts, until one becomes prophetic, and prophesics of the future, when railways shall so have intersected this small island of ours, and towns so risen up along the lines, that there shall come to be one was London extending through the breadth and length of the land, with not a gap of country, save here and there a sunted park as breaking hole for the lungs of the mammoth city;—when green fields, and waving corn, and breezy downs, and "gient oaks," and "desert caves," shall be belongings of the past, whose being, chronicled by the poets, will seem so incredible that future generations will regard them as ap-nertaining to a mythic are;—when there will pertaining to a mythic age;—when there will no longer be a ruined eastle to carry us back to chivalrous, if somewhat barbarous times; when Stoneberge itself may be applied to building purposes, for we are coming to the utilitation

Progress !- progress is the war-ory now; all men are cultating, or being cultated—for in many cases the form is passive—under its ban-ner. The pastitands no longer as a light-house, ossting long gleams of light across the flood; its lantern is out of order, its oil is spent, and there is no one left to trim it. The future stretches out a giant hand towards us, holding a flaming torch and luring on to an Eldorado, crying Come unto me, for I alone am to be trusted ;

will lead you on."
The eage is left behind, for prophets have arisen; and yet, in spite of prophets, the Age

of Faith has not yet come.

But Doris, as she travelled through the winter evening, pondered upon none of these things.

It was too dark to see anything beyond the high white walls that the snow covered banks occasionally reared on either ride. At the sta-tions the lights fell upon the white bushes, and Doris saw that the snow was beginning to soquire some depth. The train moved more slowly. and the time dragged very heavily. Should she

ever reach her journey's end? At every station she looked out eagerly, and at last she saw the name she so desired to see painted up in large letters,-and the porter seed along, calling out the name of Doris got out with her little bundle.

'Any luggoge, ma'am?" inquired the porter,

inctively.

None; I want to go on to Linton, can I get conveyance of any kind?"

No, there were none at the station — How far away was Linton?—A matter of three miles or ac. And it was beginning to snow again. Doris was perplexed. Sull, if she knew the way— she was used to the country, and did not feel afraid; she should not meet many people, and

it was not late.
She inquired whether it were a good road. A good roat all the way, and tolerably direct. So she thought she could manage it. The snow was falling very gently indeed, she hoped it would leave off. And she set out on her way to

She walked for more than a mile without meet ing any one but a solitary laborer going home after his day's work. He said "Good-night," as he passed her, and she, accustomed to coun

Then she went on. She was a little puzz'ed now, for she came to a point where the road divided, and could not determine which way to take. She looked around for a sign-post, but

there was not one to be found.

Then she strained her eyes in hopes of discovering some dwelling near, where she might make inquiries. But it was too hazy for her to ter."

"Mrs. Howell was a good nurse, and we'l way or the other, and take her chance of meet in the wrong path.

So she took the turn to the left, which for tunately proved to be the one that led to Lin-ton, as she soon afterwards learned from some children whom she overtock, and who were trudging contentedly along towards the village.
"How came it they were out so late?" Duris

They had been spending the day with their grandmother; their holidays had just begun."
"Where did they go to school?"

To Mrs. Howell's ?"

"Yea.

The children were surprised that a stranger

"Is Mrs. Howell at home now?" asked Dorle for a sudden fear fell upon her less she might be a way for her holidays.

"Oh, yes; it was too cold for her to go away Doris started, Christmas! She had forgotten

that it was close upon Christmas.
"Will you show me where Mrs. Howell lives?"
she said, as they entered the village.

"Yee, they should pass the house on their

Since leaving the station, the road had gradually ascended, and raised above the valley stood the village of Linton, with its gray church, whose unfieled tower was perhaps more beautiful than if it had been in a state of comple-tion; an air, too, of interest attached to it in consequence of the legend that with its foun-der's fall, it, too, was duomed to remain a par-tial ruln, over which the twining ivy has crept, lives for what the unseen hands are flinging so lavishly away.

The train goes on. Passing through miles ped at a small garden gate.

"You must go up to the house and knock; Mrs. Howeli is in, for the light is coming through the cracks in the shutters."

And the children went away, and Dorle, fol-lowed their directions, knocked at the cottage

door.

It opened into a good-sized room, half-parlor, half-kitch-n, with a square of carpet on the tiled floor, and a thick cloth hearth-rug, the work of Mrs. Howeil's own hands, before the freplace. The fire was blazing brightly, and sending a cheerful flickering light upon the polished oak dresser, and making the plates and dishes glitter; and it shone upon Mrs. Howeil's teacaddy that stoud as a centrepiece in front of a gorgeous tray, flanked by a large Bible and gorgeous tray, fishked by a large Bible and a work-box, both in greenbaise covers. There was a curious old table, almost as black as ebony, with carved legs and a couple of drawers in it, and a high-backed chair of similar date and pattern. A wide sofa covered with chints stood underneath the window, the kettle was sing-ing on the hob, and a large tabby cat sat meekly

purring upon the hearth-rug.

Done peeped in through the half-open door and shivered for the first time, for the warm pleasant picture within made her feel how cold present picture within made not return to the tit was outside. She stood pondering how to make herself snown.

"What is it?" inquired Mrs. Howell, seeing

a figure in dripping garment standing in the half-light.

" Have you forgotten me, Mrs. Howell?" said

Doris. "I can't see you where you stand," replied Mrs. Howell, "so I can't tell in that way; but I seem to know your voice. Come in," and as she spoke she drew Doris luto the house and closed the door, for the night air was blowing in so keenly that the large tabby cat looked round reproachfully as if to intimate that she was by means accustomed to the cold wind pouring in upon her sleek eides in that manner.

'I declare it's Miss Carmichael," said Mrs. Howell; "but how you've grown since I saw you. And-" here her eye fell upon Data's you. And—" here her eye fell upon Dorta's black dress and then upon Dorta's pale, weary

And Mrs. Howell drew off the wet cloak.

"Oh, but you're wet through; your boots are soaked with snow."

And Mrs. Howell placing finis in the great arm chair before the fire, began to busy herself in making her guest comfortable.

"I'll bring you down a pair of dry shoss and stockings, and some wraps, for you must have your dress off," and Mrs. Howell disappeared up the staircase that found its way into the kitchen parlor.

Presently she returned with an associated of

garments, in which she arrayed Dorie, and made her lie down on the sofs, rolling it closer to the fire. "There, don't speak," she continued, as Doris made one or two ineffectual attempts

say something, which ended in a fresh burst of subs. For Duris's courage, which had borne her up bravely through the perils and difficulties of her flight, had foresken her now that ehe had safely reached the haven. After the fatigue and excitement through which she had passed, come a reaction, and the more she tried to restrain her tears, the faster they flowed.

"Never mind, dear, don't try to stop crying, it will do you good. You shall have a cup of

knew what refreshment there is to both body and spirit in a good cup of tea. So she set about preparing the homely meal.

She opened a corner cupboard, and took therefrom a little black earthenware teapot, two delicately washed china cups and spoons, a loaf

of bread, and a pat of butter. The kettle was already boiling, the shining tes caddy was in requisition, and the tes was s made and put to stand whilst Mrs. Howell toasted a round of bread, and then, all things being ready, she poured out a cup of tea for Doris, and one for herself. True, she had had her tea long ago; but what woman is there to whom a cup of tes ever comes amiss? Besides, at knew that Doris would erjoy it more in compa-than if she were taking it alone.

Nothing was said; but libris, lying on

sofa, alpping her tes and looking into the cheer ful fire, left off crying and began to feel revived. She are the toast heartily, for she had tasted no

food since morning.
"What a comfortable place this is," said Doris, looking round.
"Yes, comfortable enough," neturned Mrs.

Howell, surveying her parior-kitchen with eatla faction; "but you've been used to grander rooms than this of late, or I'm mistaken." Mrs. Howell's quick eye had noted the testure of Dorie's dress and cloak, and she had drawn in-

ferences there'rom.
"It's a better room than my mother had, so I ought to be content with it," sighed Dorie, and again the tears were on the point of burst

ing forth. Your mother was a lady, and I'm not," said

My mother looked upon you as one of her best friends," replied Duris.

"True enough, so she did, poor lady; but that made none the less difference between us I don't mean but in another we're all alike, and the truer lady a lady is, the less difference she'll feel between herself and those below her; but in this world there are stations, and they thrive best who keep to their own, and don't go pusting into what isn't theirs and

Howell poured out another cup of tea for Doris, and sat watching her. She did not like to sek the questions that were uppermost in her mind; for one she felt was already answered by Dorie's black dress.

But Horia, having finished her tea, laid back her head on the sola pillow. Her eyes involun-tarily closed, and in a few minutes she was fast

' l'oor thing," said Mrs. Howell to herself, as she put away the tea-things, "she's regularly

CHAPTER XXVII.

Mrs. Carmichael, or rather Mrs. Greeford, had been Mrs. Howeld's lodger for many years, and It was in her care that she had left Doris when she went on her corrowful journey to Cray thorpe. Mrs. Howell, too, had nursed her through the illness that came upon her after re-ceiving Mr. Carmichael's letter. In fact, Mrs. Gresford's two friends, each a true friend in her respective aphere, had been Mrs Cheeter and Mrs. Howell; so that Dorie's first thought in her purplexity and dress was to flee for refuge to her mother's humble friend, who had known

It was five years since they had seen each for, after Mrs. Greeford removed to anfor work," as Doris had told other village "fer work," as Doris had told Juvee, Mrs. Howell was persuaded by some relatives in the eastern counties to take up her abode nearer to them. And there she had been ever since, her little school flourishing, and herself living in greater comfort than she had been

Mrs. Howell had been up for some time, and breakfast was on the table. She looked at the clock, and finding that it was half an hour beyoud her usual breakfast-hour, she went sofily upstairs to the best bed-room, a sort of state apartment, where Darie lay fast select beneath a canopy of white dimity, pure and spotless as the snew outside. And counterpane and pil-lows were as white as the curtains, and so was Dorie's pale face, quite white enough to carn the name of the "enow child" that Mr. Chester had given her.

"l'oor lamb," said Mrs Howell, gently die poeing the curtain so as to shade her face from the light, "she looks rearce older than she did five years ago. I won't disturb her, better let her eleep on a bit."

And Mrs. Howell descended to her breakfast, e it wondering where Duris had come And then, still meditating upon the sub ject, she took up her knitting, and knitted away, every now and then listening if she could hear sounds betokening the appearance of her guest.

At length Doris's footstep was heard on the stairs, and Mrs. Howell bade her good morning. Duris was refreshed and sobered by her night's rest. She had accomplished her flight, she was tolerably safe in her hiding place, and now what was to be her next step? She had acted so far entirely from impulse, and now she must sit down quietly and consider how far she had been right and how far wrong. And still, though she felt doubtful of the course she had taken, she felt that her impulse was true, that she had fled from something that was in some way false, though she could not understand it. She shrank from the false element, though she could not deshe knew not what she disbelieved, by she had an intuitive perception that somewhere truth was wanting. She had, however, entire confidence in Mrs. Howell's good sense, so, after breakfast, seating herself, as she had done many a time as a child, at Mrs. Howell's feet, she told

he told her of the last five years; of her mother's death; of her Uncle Carmichael, of Aunt Lotty, of Joyce Dormer, and of the strange revelations of the last few days. And Mrs.

Howeli betened attentively. Child," she said, " are you cure that you have done right in leaving those that are kith and kin to you?"

don't know," answered Dorie, sadly "they didn't know me as you do, and you were my mot er's friend '

"And they are your mother's relatives. "Relatives," said Dorie "of what use are such relatives as Uncle Carmichael? How he can be my mother's brother I do not understand,

for never were two people more unlike. He has taken good care of you since her And why " Because he has found cut about

my mother's marriage; and having some spite against Mr. Lynn, he wants to revenge himself s getting the fortune from little Archie Lynn of his sister's child." And Mr. Lann see

aris shivered "I don't feel like a daughter to him," she said, "I can't help thinking of m mother and what she suffered. I never saw M Lynn till a few months since, and people can't get up fillal feelings on the spot. I don't be get up fills! feelings on the spot. I don't be lieve in it, and I can't go and live at Lynncourt I should never be happy, I should be thinking all the time that it ought to have been my mother's, and if it had been she wouldn't have cled It would be like dancing upon her grave to go and live there in ease and luxury. No. I could not do it. I'd rather go back to my old life and work for my living as I used to do. On, Mrs. Howell ! let me stay with you and help yo to teach or to do anything. I have been used to work, you know.

Mrs. Howell shook her head.

"But you won't beiray me, Mrs. Howell?" exclaimed Doris, impetuously; "you won't turn me away? you'll let me stay till I've thought it

all over, and feel right about it?"
"Turn thee away?" said Mrs. Howell, fondly stroking Doris's hair. "No, dear; stay as long as you like; only, couldn't you send word to them, they must be so anxious about you?"

"I might write to Joyce," said Doria, musing-

I have a sister in London; she would post the letter from there.

"That will do; and I must write to Mr. Chester also. He will help me, if any one can."
"Av, that he will," returned Mrs. Howell;
"that's well thought of. Mr. Gabriel is as wise as a judge, and he'll know just what ought to

Wiser, perhaps," thought Doris. And she wrote her letters; one to Joyce, that told of her safety without disclosing her place of refuge another, a longer, fuller one, to Mr. Chester telling him of all that had happened, of her doubte and difficulties, and begging to her; "for, you know, dear old Gabriel," she said, "that my mother made you a sort of guardian, and, as you have plenty of money, and can go where you please, do let it please you to come to the poor 'enow-child,' who has fied out into the snow, and is shivering all alone in the cold world." This latter classe was purely metaphorical, as Doris was sitting fortably by the fire-side, with Mrs. Howell blandly contemplating her from the opposite possibility of a wedding, with Mr. Chester and Dorie for bridegroom and bride.

The sun went down early, though he had not done much to fatigue himself during the day perhaps he found it too cold for him, and his rays might get frozen on their way down-at any rate, he found it stiff and awkward work, and he was by no means on such good terms with the earth as in the jolly summer time, though he was nearer to her now. But some friends are hest friends at a distance, and so it might be with the sun and earth—who knows? He might not like her so well when they were more thrown together. And when he cank to rest, the little warmth that had tried to penetrate the cold atmosphere departed, the ther mometer fell to freezing point, and the robins, hiding their heads under their wings, tried to fall saleep without any uncomfortable fears as to the morrow's food. The water in the pools began to harden, and even in some cold rooms ice was found in the jugs, so that, altogether, regular Christmas weather was coming on, for, comehow or other, people seem to think that Christmas is scarcely Christmas without a good hard frost. People would certainly have a sea sonable Christmas this year; there was snow on

the ground and it was freezing.

Mrs. Howell was decorating the dresser and the mantel shelf with sprigs of holly, for it would they be doing at Green Oake and Lynncourt ?

Green O.ke and Lynncourt had amalgamated Aunt Lotty was citting in her arm chair listen ing almost as eagerly as the little Lynns them selves to the stories that Joyce was telling them The younger child was seated on Joyce's lap whilst Archie, on a footstool close by, was leaning his closw on his knees, and gazing earnestly with his large, dark even into her face. He was as one fascinated. Gradually he edged himself nearer and mearer, and then removing his el bows from his kners he held tight by Jorce's drees, as though he feared she would esc and his large eyes seemed to grow larger and

larger as the interest of the story increased.

And where were the heads of the houses? In the small inn of a remote village in Devonehire, sat Mr. Lynn and Mr. Carmichael; they had two men who had not some B th were intermore than twenty years. B th were intermore than twenty of the recovery of two men who had not spoken to each other for If th were intent now relative. Had the old feeling passed away? Had they forgiven each other their trespasses? Had, at last, the daily prayer been uttered aright?

Calm, stern, determined, with his thin lips more compressed than ever, Mr. Carmichael tool the lead; whilst his companion, upon whose hazgard countenance traces of the emotion of the past night were visible, passively assented to all his arrangements. They had been, after some difficulty, accommodated with a private eitting room, for the resources of the inn were not great. And hither the landlord was sum the week, it being supposed that he would be well up in all village gossip

" Did he remember Mrs. Carmichael and her

"Of course he did; everyone in the place knew and respected then

Then he knew Miss Carmichael by sight?" " Yes.

"Had she been in H ---- during the last few days?

" He thought not, or he should have known Was he quite sure that she had not been

"He could not say; he had been a good deal occupied, and had heard nothing of such a thing

It was just possible, he wouldn't say for certain, that she had not been " Mr. Carmichael heeitated; he looked at the landlord, who was a great overgrown man, with

somewhat stupid but honest countenance. Mr Carmichael decided to make use of him The gentlemen had come down on a matter of importance. The landlord could be of use to

Might they depend upon him?" them The landlord of the small inn suddenly be

might rest assured that their confidence would not be misplaced. And the landlord, swelling The stout gentleman, in the glossy broad cloth and massive gold chain was Mrs. Car-

Like enough; he had always thought she belonged to gentlefolk. And now that he came to look more attentively at Mr. Carmichael, he ad a vegue recollection of having seen him be

Yes, he remembered now, it must have "He, the landlord, might remember that, after Mrs. Carmichael's death, her daughter went to live with some of her mother's relatives !"

fore.

Yes; the landlord had heard it, and he had teach or to do anything. I have been used beard say what a fine thing it was for her, and he hoped she was well and happy, for she was first Howell shook her head.

I'm afraid that won't do. We must think she and he mother had been living. They'd had a deal to suffer, they had."

Here Mr. Lynn shrank further back into a corner of the sofa, and pressed his bands to his forehead; and Mr. Carmichael observed, somewhat sternly, that they did not wish to hear any thing of that nature. Whereupon the landlord bowed obsequiously, and begged pardon.

"All they wasted was present information, Miss Carmichael had suddenly left her relatives, and it was believed that she had returned to some of her friends in Devonshire."

"They'd no friends of their own eart here," said the landlord; "they'd only been here four or five years, and there was no one about that she'd be likely to come to unless it was Widow Wilson at the Heath Farm ; she used to be very kind to them, and it was many a fowl or a new laid egg Mrs. Cormichael had had from there, to say nothing of new milk."

Mr. Lynn grouned in anguish. And he had een living in such luxury. michael found it necessary to check the land-

How far was the Heath Farm?

Not over a quarter of a mile; he would step up himself, if Mr. Carmichael pleased; he should been there then Mr. Carmichael would, be as she had any reason for not wishing him to

The force of which argument Mr. Carmichae appreciated, and accepted the landlord's offe ordingly. And the landlord went on his fruit less errand, for no Miss Carmichael had been there or had been heard of. And inquiries in other directions had been equally unsuccessful However, Mr. Carmichael determined to see Mrs. Wilson himself the next day; and discover ing that she had really spoken the truth on the previous evening, determined to go to the vil-lage whee his eister had settled on her arrival in England. And so he spent Christmas Dav in vain endeavors to find the lost sheep. Miss Car so he returned to H—— to rejoin his companion. Mr. Lynn had felt that business mat ters might be safely entrusted to his brother-in aw, and so had remained behind. His Cariet man Day was spent in wandering through the lit tle village where his wife had lived, in picturing ner life, her trials. He had seen the room which she died, and now he stood beside the humble grave wherein she rested from all her orrow. Yes, it was all over now-

All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of

And he could never tell her what he too had suffered, for the dead hear not. As they left us, so they lie, and the tomb has closed upon their griefs, their wrongs, their agony. None can make reparation to them for injustice done none can be forgiven by them or forgiven in turn. For the battle is over, and the Death Angel, sounding his trumpet over the hard-fought field, proclaims a truce-a truce that ends not until a louder trumpet sounds, and the dead, small and great, are summoned ant account. (TO BE CONTINUED)

The Saturday Evening Post is the best iterary paper in America. We take pleasure n calling it such, and recommend it to all who

rish a paper of that kind - Gospel Eche COMMUNICATION PAPER -It is stated by on newspaper that there is a common red dish yellow paper which, in some circumstances, is as dangerous as gunpowder. It takes fire by the smallest spark, and burns like tinder. When once lighted, if left alone, it is sure to be con-sumed completely. All the yellow and buff sumed completely. All the yellow and buff piper out of which envelopes are made parakes more or less of the same character spark of fire or the stump of a lighted cigar failing in a waste basket containing yellow envelopes, with other kinds of paper, would have a good chance of setting the whole on fire, and

ausing a general conflagration A wandering rough and his temporary weetheart broke into a Mr. Emery's house, in Lewistown, Maine, drove him and his wife out of bed, and ensconsed themselves in their v Emery gave notice to the officer of his misfortunes, who repaired to the spot, and, after a hard struggle, succeeded in tying the mascuine intruder with a rope, and took him to the

"Sut Livingood's Yarns" purports to be 10 series of stories told by "a nat'ral born durn'd fool?" and these words from the title-page ex-actly describe the character of the book. An

A No. 1" notice, from the N. Y. Post. The Pope has written a letter to the an affer of refuge, should a revolution compel

A lady, attacked with hydrophobic ns, after being bitten by a rabid dog, in Hamilton county, Indiana, is reported to be in

the way of recovering. She was treated with bromide of potassium by the physician who at-

Polly Hopkins, of Camden, Ohio, is 115

At the Paris Exposition it is said that a nevelty will be on exhibition, in the shape of an artificial horse. The ingeniously constructed animal when ready for the road, will travel twenty-five miles without stopping, and after wards may be wound up in a few moments so as to go as much farther, and so on indefinitely A horse like this must be a valuable acquisition, provided it can be bought cheaply as the noble animal of which it is a copy.

Thus said Voltaire about marriage: crimes there will be. Marriage renders a mar more virtuous and more wise. An unmarried man is but half of a perfect being, and it requires the other half to make things right; and cannot be expected that in this imperfect tate he can keep the straight path of rectitude any more than a boat with one oar, or a bird

one wing, can keep a straight course."

The M thodist pronounces waterfalls The less." Other authorities pronounce them The neatest waterfall worn by the neatest woman acquires an unhealthy, musty smel after three days' wear.

lately confessed, while supposed to be dying, a tremendous lot of love for her son's private tutor, and "willed" him \$10,000. Lady didn't and the wedding is announced.

Gough has received an offer England of \$1 500, in gold, for one lecture a week in London, the course to be kept up for That would make him \$62 400.

At Bhojawed, in Hindo-tan, recently, natives, seeing the locomotive on a ner railroad for the first time, stood on the track.

SATURDAY BURNING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, BATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We bespeak attention to our new novelet. which we think will be a worthy successor to the greatly admired story of " Hearts Errant." It is called.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY:

BY JEAN BONCGEUR-

and will run through a number of papers. We are glad to find that our novelets, stories, &c.,

are giving so much satisfaction to our readers. We are still able to supply back numbers to the first of January, containing the whole of be more likely to find out if the young lady had Mr. Bennett's deeply interesting novelet, "The Outlaw's Daughter.'

English and American Books.

In reference to the American consumption of noke, very erroneous ideas seem to prevail. We are constantly described as peculiarly a reading public, and nine men out of ten will as sert, with vast complacency, that our superiority our benighted English brethren in this particular is due to the advantages of free institu tions. Now the facts of the case are that many more books are published in England than in America, and an English book designed for popular circulation obtains a much larger sale than a similar issue with us. Moreover, the English have their extensive and widely-diffused circulating libraries, to which ours are utterly insignificant. Where the Mercantile Library or Astor Place will take a hundred copies of a book at about a deliar and a half, the famous Mudie's copies at some four or five times the price Mudie's will, in fact, often require for its tomers a larger number of copies of a book than can be sold in the entire Union, even when reprinted at a low popular price. As examples of the comparative demands in the two countries there are numberless cases in point. Smiles's "Self Help" is a work which, in its enbject and treatment, is peculiarly suited to American ideas and feelings; yet, while the English edition sold over fifty thousand copies, the American reprint, although at a lower price, has probably not sold more than a fifth of that number. The same author's "Lives of the Engineers," an elaborate and high-priced book, sold extensively in Ecg-land, but no American publisher ventured to re-print it, although free of copyright, and with its numerous drawings and engravings prepared to his hand. The "Heaven our Home" books, a series of well-written religious cosays, have resched their seventy and eighty thousand each in Great Britain, and their six or seven thou sand in America. The Globe Edition of "Shakis a marvel of compactness, neatness, and cheapnese, and reached at once a sale in the English market of fifty or sixty thousand copies A Philadelphia house imported the work, but some two or three thousand are all that have been distributed in the States, although a far cheaper and neater edition than any of our own. The English periodicals are also far more nume rous than ours, and as a rule have larger circu-lations. There is, perhaps, no one English msgszine that has a c'rculation greater than that of Harper's; but there are several which nearly equal it. But nothing exhibits more connearly equal it. But nothing exhibits more con-clusively the difference between the two countries in this particular than a comparison be tween London and New York trade-eale returns. While in one case the volumes sold number by hundreds, in the other they number by thou-sands. Mr. John Murray, indeed, will often sell at his annual trade-sale several thousand conie of a book which cannot safely be reprinted in America at all. There facts alone refute the

from our larger consumption of cheap daily newspapers.

An interesting consideration in book making is the style of type. There is a settled conne thought of the author which is more easily felt than analyzed; in one style of type an author's language will seem compact, in another diffuse; ne metal garb it will annear obtuse and another sharp and clear. be called an methetic quality not only in the form of type, but in the spelling of words; and the opposition to Mr. Webster's innovat often arises from a vague perception of the fact. When you drop u from color you seem in some way to extract all the color and heart out of the word. If the idea is fanciful, why is it that the is almost universally retained in Naviour, it being distinctly felt that to deprive that word of even a letter would be to eacrilegiously deepoil it of its sacred completeness !- Round Tab

prevalent notion of our greater book-buying and

ook-reading tastes, an error arising, probably

The other day, at Toledo, Ohio, a dealer received pay for a steer which had been sold to a butcher, and, rolling the greenbacks into a small wad, put them into his tobacco-box. nortly after be extricated, as he thought, a portion of the tobacco, but, with all his mastica-tion, could expectorate none of the savory juices, and finally took his quid out of his mouth to look at it, when he found he had been chewing his roll of greenbacks. He stood against for a moment, and then burst out : "Cues the luck ! whole steer at one chaw!"

'Quarter," eo frequently mentioned in British trade returns in their reports of the movements and consumption of weighs 560 lbs., and is made up of eight bushels O lbs. each.

It is equivalent to 5 cwt. broker, residing in a fashionable boarding house on the Heights, ran away with an adventurer, because her husband took the ridiculous part of lock Robin in the charade "Babes Woods," and hopped about the stage with two

feather brushes under his coat tails. The Unitarian church at Hingham, built had the old time bass viol, flute and violit superseded by a modern organ, though in all other respects it is just as our forefathers worshipped in it, nearly two centuries ago.

A terrier dog was seized for debt and old at suction in Petersburgh, Vs., on the 8d inet, for \$23. The officer executing the procreditor before he would consent to so unusual a

TO MADAME CLARA VON M On Her Birthday.

POR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

I wish my love were a nugget of gold, Pure metal from California's mine; And with all its joy-achieving power, That gold, dear Clara, should be thine

wish my love might become a pearl, The fairest e'er raised from an Eastern sea; And in its white, rounded perfectness, I'd give that pearl, dear Clara, to thee.

wish my love were a wreath of flowers As thy virtues sweet, as thy beauty rare; And I would place that coronal bright, Upon the waves of thy glossy bair.

Alast my love is only my love -But 'tis earnest and pure, and poured cut free; Unhappily—" eilver and gold have I none— But such as I have, I give unto thee."

A poultry man of the Hub recently sent to Manchester, N. H., a pair of Brahman fowls colored a beautiful crimson, and they were passed off as just imported, at great expense, from Japan. The beautiful birds caused a sensation amongst poultry breeders, and the r eggs sald at fabulous prices—it is said as nigh as \$4

an egg A tailor, speaking of the spring fashions, says there is not much change in gentlemen's

A short time since, two young ladies, well known, were holding high converge over virtues of a certain new dreas. "And does it fit well?" seked one. "Fit? as it I'd been melted and poured in."

meited and poured in."

2.37 Dubbs, the speculator, met Stubbs, the real estate broker in the street, one windy, dusty, March day, and hailing Stubbs, saked him how real estate was. "Well," said Stubbs, taking off his spectacles and wiping the dust out of his eyes, "real estate is very active to-day, Mr. Dubbs; every one I see has a spec in his eye."

At Neenah and Menosha, Wie., one day recently, the mills were compelled to stop on ac-count of the races being filled and the wheels stopped by shoals of fish from Lake Winnebago.

One Dr. W. W. Hebbard lectured on al-ohol in Boston, last Sunday night, and said: "He thought the time would come when legisla-tion would restrain the sale of opium, the betel

ut, tobacco and pork, as well as liquor." The Supreme Court of the United States refused to entertain the Mississippi petition for an injunction against the execution of the Reconstruction Act, on the ground that the bill was directed against the President, and the Court had no jurisdiction of a bill to enjoin the President in the performance of his efficial duties. The Court granted leave to file the Georgia bill, the same objection not applying to

An impertinent fellow asked a gentleman, at a public gathering, why he had shaved off his side whickers, and was answered that to

meet some men he required more "chees. The latest exhibition of the extent to extend, is a recent application by citizens of New York to the New Jersey Legislature to incorporate a company with power to do as it eases with regard to mining and other opera-

The wife of a country editor in Ohio, a few days since, amused herself by throwing rot-ten eggs at the editor of a rival paper.

A newspaper correspondent, who has been through Georgia and South Carolina, says: The traveller is forcibly impressed with the very great and earnest preparations for the In the village of Jamaica, Long Island,

a few days since, an organ grinder, while peace-ably playing on his organ, was pelted with stones by ten boys whose ages ranged from 8 to The man has since died from the efects of the stoning.

The easiest way to get a living." says a vagabond poet, "is to sit on a gare and wait for good luck. In case good luck don't come along, you are no worse off than you were be-

A TAI UPON BACHELORS.-The Patrie gravely announces that a petition to the French Senate has been drawn up by some etrongminded won Patrie adds that it is being "covered with signa-

Motto for the photographers, "Off with his head."- Shakenear

The Boston Journal states that recently an egg was placed in a vessel of cold water which was made to revolve 282 times a minute. The egg was boiled in eix minutes, the only heat the friction of the water.

BARRES - The San Francisco papers narrate several instances of childless co ing their decires for children gratified by new-born infants being placed in their halls. It has got so in that city that almost any lady wanting baby can have one by merely leaving her front door a little aiar.

Slander not others because they have claudered you; bite not a reptile because you have felt his bite.

Poverty, like other bullies, is formidable nly to those who show that they are afraid

An English clergyman recently refused to read the burial services over the corpse of man who was washed up at sea, because not know whether he had been baptised."

The "Country Parson" now has charge the largest church in the north of Scotland He says of it, "Our parish church is 750 years old—and in our churchyard, people have been buried for 1,700 years."

Almost every young lady is publicpirited enough to have her father's house used

Though we travel the world over to find cautiful, we must carry it with us, or we

The Mr. Ball who modestly claims to be author of Florence Percy's popular poem, Rock me to Sleep," is a member of the N gracy Legislature. The other day a faceting Jersey Legislature. brother member introduced a bill "to ratify and confirm" his claim to the authorship of the

A Southern paper says that not less than one-half of the Southern white people changed homes since the war, and about one third of them have changed states.

ee;

South American Civilization.

WAITTER FOR THE SATURDAY SYRSISS POST, BY COSMO.

FOLLOWING A LEADER-WELCOME-A PERUVIAN PARADISE-ORNAMENTAL ART-FLOWERS AND --- A GUARDIAN DRAGON-A BRING BI OGRAPHY -A LOVELY VOLUSTEER.

Following without questioning whither we were being led by our lady of the light heart, who had simply said, after her introduction to who had simply said, after her introduction to US: "Come, my friends, there are no into in Avacucho, but we shall find a place for you all," we had little idea of and less care as to our destination and disposition; but having followed Dona Juanita and her bishop aid-decamp into the town, passed the grand plaza, cathedral and central cluster of better class residences, and finally fairly out of town on the side opposite our entrance, seeing no where as we rode leisurely along indications of blic posada, or even an unoccupied out-dog space that promised a tolerable bivouse, we began to guess among ourselves that our fair marshal was marching us to the woods, a belt of which lay before us, as affording more commodious and comfortable quarters for so nume rous a party than any case or court within the limits of the quaint, quiet, old-fashioned town

We were partly right in our conjecture; into the woods we were led, and would have been content to have camped there, the small forest all ladened with Inscious burdens. But our fair commander permitted no halt, leading us still forward, until emerging from the orchard-forest we came at once front face to a high, white adobe wall, running a thousand yards either way over which we saw red tiled roofs, a turret tower, and the tops of tall palm trees waving gently to and fro in the breeze.

Directly in front of us awang open, at a signal

from the bishop, a ponderous gate, upon which Dona Juanita, turning towards us, kiesed her hand and said :

Ride in, my friends-you are very welcome. Sieur Jose echoed in Spanish :

Entra amigos—sui muv boin veni."
So doubly welcomed and dually commanded we rode in and found curselves in a Peruvian

In fcont, a hundred yards distant and hal hidden by many ornamental and more fruit

bearing trees, we saw the nether structures be longing to the red roofs that had peered above the outer wall, the central building being of three stories, surmounted by a large glazed cu-pols, with roof of bright glistening tin. The third story and glazed cupols were features so rare in Scuth American architecture, that they made us wonder until we knew better the mis tress mind that had planned and superintended their construction. The front was balconied at the three floors and arranged with the comfort little could be seen, however, as the entire fa-

cade was a laced net work of flowering vines.
Flanking the central building on either hand were wings made up of ten distinct structures joined closely together, but lessening in altitude, going down by regular steps and terminating in one storied out-buildings, the ground floor ve rands running the length of the entire range, the appearance of the combination being very like the front of the imperial palace at Stockholm, in

less pretentious proportions.

To the right, as we approached the fairy eastle, and distant from it some three hundred yards, was situated a fine chapel with a tower and chime of bells, and near it was an orna mental cottage in the light Italian style, such as those who journey in that direction may see dotting the shores of the lake of Gardi and omo in Venetian Lombardy. In due time w earned that in this elegant cottage ornee His Excellency, Sieur Jose Manuel Madeira, Biehor Ayacucho, maintained his bachelor establish ment, and being a man of great wealth, with no heirs other than Mother Church, which, by-the-by shop and unexceptionable Christian as he was held no very high opinion of, he dispens his lavish liberality like a true prince. One day plied with every luxury, both in viands and choice wines that gold could command, be

I give my services to the church gratultously. I perform all the duties of my office to the best or ability wealth to leave to her? His Holiness at Rome would never canonize me for so doing. I hold it to be more rational to make as many people appy as we can during our lives than to covet sinty of the disposition that will be made of the wealth we leave behind us."

Excellency is a Caristian gentleman," Kate O'Harra said, in an under tone. "A philosopher," whispered Dr. Bond. "Of the Epicurian sect," added Consul Marsden. And then, at the hishon's nod we all clinked glasses and aid simultaneously, with much energy

To return to the situa ion and our reception eur Juan, observing our progress checked by admiration of the scene, returned a few m the front and said, in a tone that we might hear, this time speaking correct Es

"My daughter, Dona Juanita, was born a rural architect and landcoape gardener. It is she that has planned and directed the creation of all this harmonious beauty."

The declaration added astonishment to our admiration, for none among us had ever before looked upon a scene in which correct taste and artistic skill had so ably seconded nature in forming a rural paradise so near perfection, Surrounding the chapel and Italian cottage in iont of the verandaed vine-clad palace on either and, all the front space within the wal s and etween us and the mansion was a succession of parterres, serpentine avenues, bordered with itnits and flowers and faultlessly grouped shrubs, evergreen and deciduous trees. Centrally, in ment of the main building and under the waving sim tress, was a walled circular reservoir, in the entre of which rose a pyramid of rock work, smounted by Ledes and her Swan, correctly ut in Italian marble, forming a fountain whose water fell in showery spray down the des of the rustic rock work and in mist beyond olated rocks rising just above the surface, several of which we eaw sitting or standing tow white plumed and created herone, magnifient crimson flamingoes, while in the water, mas ically moving to and fro, were elegant swans, th white and black, great pelicans, stately, the and slow of motion, and mingling fain list'y among these were smaller aquatic birds.

of varied form and plumage, peculiar to tropical | me." Then, after a little pause, Dona Juanita

Between the fountain and mansion was as oblong terraced lawn, set thickly with shrubs and flowers, among which were distributed vas s, urns and marble statuary; and having comurns and marble statuary; and having com-passed this, we were in front of and within a few yards of the entrance to the mais building, which, instead of being a heavy, dark archway, like the portal of a dungeon, according to the Spanish Moreeque custom, everywhere there were light, handsome panel doors, opening in two leaves, the frame having an ornamental transom above and side lights of pictorial stained glass. Within the door, which stood invitingly glass. Within the door, which stood invitingly open, we caught glimpses of a broad lofty ball with freecoed ceiling, floor of marble marquetry, and panelled walls in light blue and gold finish, hung along their entire length with frame

Retween us and the open entrapes was drogon-not a terrible winged moneter, such as St. George encountered and destroyed-nor year. a frightful, ferocious nondescript, one of those awful jawed fellows that guarded ancient castles within which alept enchanted beauties, but veritable living, breathing dragon nevertheless not dangerous, but excessively droll.

Beginning at the base of the droll dragon there was a pair of stout, thick solid cowhide, "eastern made" boots, No. 10's at the very least. Shingling the legs of these down to within about six inches of where fashionable pantaloons terminate, there was a pair of very reen and white, an inch wide, with old-fashioned Then there was a very shortide, slit pockets. narrow-tailed, brass-buttoned, scantwaisted. sleeved, blue coat; a rolling collared vest of cinnamon-colored satin; bell crowned, narrow brimmed fur hat; a great deal of long, leather colored hair; a thin, long, clean-shaven face pointed chin and nose; a prodigious mouth, full of teeth like a scalion's; very light blue eves a tall, angular figure, and wrinkles that told of fifty years pretty positively. That, physically pictured, was our dragon. Port warden of the castle we guessed at a glance—Governor of Dona Juanita's broad domains we learned a little late -an ideal east-downcast Yankee of the Jack Downing or Sam Slick type incarnate. The dragon spoke in faultless character:

I snum neow, Miss Nita; be we goin tem have all these ere folks tew supper?" "To dinner first, Uncle Sydney," said the lady, in a kindly tone; "then to supper, and for our guests, a month I hope."

"Jist as yew say, Miss Nita. Ef they're yew'r Friends I'm jiet as glad tew see 'em as yew be. Yew'r all welcum, ladies and gentlemen, and I guess we kin take care of ye all 'bout as slick as enybody kin in Peru. Git right deown to once and walk in. I'll hev all yew'r hosses, and

mules, and help took care of right away."

Sydney, the Eastern dragon, clapped his hands
vigorously and crowed curiously like the loud quank of a lost wild goose, and at the summons there came forth from the wing buildings on either hand, platoons of peons and choulas, who, "Our American Cousin," in a medly of Spanish, Queeche, and Downesst dialect, laid old of and led away our animals and attaches -horsee, dogs, mules, and men servants, while our fair hostess led us into her Peruvian palace, and in less than an hour we were dispo as comfortably quartered, every man and wo-man of us, as we had ever been in our lives. Such of us as happened to have been born and bred in the United States, found ourselves es specially at home, as the furniture and interior fitting up was entirely North American in cha racter and manufacture, and when summoned to dinner we found table, fixtures, service, viands, and all the appointments of the spacious ala a mange to correspond in ever feature with ted States.

During dinner, the "Lady of the liberal hand," told, in a brief, frank, confiding way, her history very nearly verbatim as follows:

"My friends, after what you have seen of myself, my home, and its appointments, I shall probably surprise no one by proclaiming meeting a Yankee born, and more than half a New England woman by education, though I have no personal recollection of the land of my nativity

" My father, Don Juan Justinian D. Abba, at the age of twenty-four, was married to my mother, Serena Warden, aged twenty. My father had just graduated at Cambridge with all the honors, as they say; my mother was the daugh ter of a retired Boston merchant of great wealth. At great risk of his own, my father had saved my mother's life, and she gave it to him with her hand, and all her love. The marriage was forbidden by my mother's parents, and she was in consequence disinherited by her fathe all her relatives and discarded by her friends. I was born in Boston a year after the marriage, and when I was eix months old my mother, self-exiled, sailed with my father, myself, and Sydney Dragon-my odd American manager, adviser, and general superintendent with his wife—for Peru. Sydney Dragon had been farm manager for my grandfather, his wife, my nurse and god-mother, both remained firm friends, when all others except her husband, abandoned her, came with us to Peru, were friends to my parents through life, and are mine the best and truest I have on earth. I am not quite so ultra Yankee as they are, but it is to their teachings that I am a New England woman, that my home is a North American one

My father had inherited one of the larges estates in Peru, and during his life added largely to it. Since his death, which occurred within a lew hours of that of my mother eight years since, when I was in my sixteenth year—ab, I have confessed how near I am to the awful period of old maidiem; but there are no old maids in Peru-since the death of my parents, I have had a mother in Mrs. Mahaleh Dragon, and so shrewd, careful, and able a manager in Sydney Dragon, that the wealth left me by my ather has been doubled.

My education, directed mainly by Senie Juan and Sedney Dragon, has been rather a manly and practical, than a refined, feminine one; but that I am not utterly ignorant of domestic, in door duties, or quite des tutte of a knowledge of cookery, I offer our dinner—every cooked dish of which I have either made with my own hands or directed the making off-as evidence.

"And now, my friends, you see me as I am..."
Then checking herself, Dona Jusaita looked acress the table towards Dr. Bond, and asked, Then checking hereelf, seriously: "Doctor, when, and where is it pro-posed to terminate your party pilgrimage?"

"About a year hence, in Equador, Senora," e doctor replied, in turn, looking seriously at the lady.

"Equador-a year-Bueno ! That would suit | dustry into America.

asked abruptly:—"Mr friends, will you accept me as a volunteer and companiero?"

Down went knives, forks, and glasses, and all eyes went in wonder towards our lovely Surprise tied all tongues for a brief space, and then some one jerked out the mone

"Why not? I shall be delighted. I will strive to make myself companionable—I will cost you no care or trouble. Some of you will accompany you. I have so longed to visit the land of my birth. These three years I have been all prepared, and only waited a proper opports Now that is here, surely you will not deny me the happiness I seek in your society and companionship."

Again there was a pause, broken first by our alrive Kate, calling from a long way down

"Come with us, darling!" echoed ten times by—"come, and be welcome!" And then there was clinking of glassee and enthusiastic vivas And so it was settled by a unanimous call; and spend at the Peruvian paradise, had lengthened to eleven days—and on the morning of the twelfth, when we went to saddle and rode out of Avacucho, our faces set towards the Pacific our lovely recruit rode beside Col. Essling, leading the cavalcade, and bearing with her the bless ings of the multitude who so loved and almost

GEMS FROM GOETHE.

Doce Fortune try thee? She has cause to do't

What, shap'st thou here at the world! 'ti shapen long ago; The Maker shaped it, He thought it best

even so.
Thy lot is appointed, go follow its 'hest; Tay way is begun, thou must walk, and not

For sorrow and care cannot alter thy case; And running, not raging, will win thee the race

Enweri tells us—a most royal man— The deepest heart and highest head to scan

'In every place, at every time, thy sures Lies in Decision, Justice, Tolerance."

My inheritance, how wide and fair ! Time is my estate; to time I'm beir

Now it is Day; be doing every one! For the Night cometh, wherein work can none

M. Frederick Kapp, in an article on Washington's character, which he contributes to "The Historical Magazine" for March, charges Mr. Jared Sparks with "falsifying the record Washington's life and of American history." is within his personal knowledge, (he says.) that Mr. Sparks suppressed some passages in certain autograph letters of Washington which Mr. Kapp has seen, and tampered with other passages, in order to make the here appear more devoted as a Christian than he really was, and more conversant with the requirements of mo-dern propriety.

From the last reports of the Spottish

Register Office, we learn that the death rate among bachelore, is double what it is among married men between the ages of twenty-five and thirty; between thirty and thirty five, it remains at nearly the same proportion; while of the whole, taking married and single in the ump, husbands live twenty years longer than

unmated gentlemen.

At a school in Chicago, recently, the inspector asked the children if they could give any text of the Scripture which forbade a man having two wives. One of the children quoted in reply the text: "No man can serve two mas-

A man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds contains only two and a-half pounds perfectly dry residuum.

Begging has been reduced to a science mbus. The latest application was from a little girl on a street corner who carnestly a "chaw o' terbaccer for her sick and dying mother.

and dying mebody says "devil" is a mean word and tended to more than four times its size eighty-any way it may be written. Remove the d and it is "evil;" remove and it is "vile;" remove four years ago, a fact which should receive honorable mention from our Fourth of July Somebody says "devil" is a mean word

AMERICAN CREDIT ABROAD -It is an nunced, on the authority of one of the offi of the Bank of England, that "in all its dealings with the United States the bank had never lost a dollar by an American. largest note ever discounted by this bank was a piece of paper" for £800,000, about \$4,000,

The Nevada newspapers display great genius in the invention of new words. One of them acknowledges the receipt of several "pork if favore," and another says the Placerville oute is impassable "except for a good snow

A couple were very much married at Canada West, a few days ago. The clergy nan who tied the knot had the assistance of

The man who never told an editor how he could better his paper, has gone out West to marry the woman who never looked into a look-

35 A gentleman having presented his wit ils said that he gave them away because he ould not keep them.
The swarm of State Commissioners sent

the Paris Exposition find themselves left out the cold, as the French authorities will recog nize only those coming from the National Ga-vernment. Some states have more Commisioners than articles on exhibition.

27 George Etliot, or Miss Evans, or Mrs.

28 George Etliot, or Miss Evans, or Mrs.

28 George Etliot, or Miss Holt, the Radi-

e, the author of "Felix Holt, the Radi

nada, and is delighting in the glories of the Al Cashmere goats, it is stated, can be raised in this country at an expense of out \$1 sch, and they are sold at \$1 000 a piece. The lemand for pure imported breeds of these a male is so great that an agent has been sent to Aris by persons in this country who are in terested, who has been commissioned to import the best animals that he can get, and also to in vestigate the mode of manufacturing the cele-brated Cashmere and Angora fleece into fabrice, and, if possible, introduce that branch of inImportance of Ventilation.

Before I leave this subject I would draw at-tention to the physiological fact that the lungs are made to breathe cold as well as warm air indeed, air of any temperature, from zero to one hundred degrees Fabr., just as the face is made to bear exposure to the external atmosphere. How could the lungs be protected?—if they require protection, which they do not. Domestic animals that live out in the open air winter and summer are freer from colds than those that live in warm stables; and men who are much exposed, and constantly breathe air at lew ten All who have horses are aware that to keep suffer from constant colds.

I may mention two facts that aprly illustrate I may mention two facts that apity illustrate the evils of defective ventilation. Some years ago I was riding in the Highlands of Scotland with a local proprietor, when we came upon a village of well-built stone houses with state if which strongly contrasted with the misrable shanties or hovels generally met with. On my complimenting him on his rebuilt village, he told me that he had acted for the best in recting these good weather proof houses for is tenants, but that, singular to relate, they had proved more unbealthy than the miserable dwellings which their occupants previously in habited. Fever and other diseases had proved rife among the latter. On examination I found that the windows were fastened, and never opened; and I have no doubt that the'r comparative unbealthiness was in reality owing to their being quite weather tight, and conse-quently unventilated. In the miserable hovels they previously ishabited, if the rain of Heaven

ame in, so did the pure air.

The other fact is narrated by Prof. Hind, in a The other fact is narrated by Prof. Hind, in a recent interesting work on Labrador. Consumption appears to be all but unknown to the natives living wild in the fastnesses of this deep late region, in tents made of spruce branches imperfectly lised with skins, and more or less exposed on all sides to the external air; although posed on all sides to the external air; aithough they are exposed to familie and every species of hardship. But when these same natires come down to the St. Lawrence to take a pert in the fisheries, occupy well-built houses, and, being well paid, live in comparative luxury, most of sumptive and die miserably. I am fully im-pressed with the idea that the development of the disease under these circumstances sult of their living in c'ore houses in a vitiate atmosphere, as it no doubt is in our own towns -Cincinnati Journal of Medicine, from Dr. H. Bennutt on the Treatment of Consumption,

A Solicitor in a Rage.

Recently, a gentleman entered a hotel in L. don, very early in the morning, and requested to see Mr. A., a solicitor, who was stopping there, as he had to speak to him on some very important business. The worthy gentleman, how-ever, was in bed, and no amount of knocking at his door succeeded in awaking him. Mr. M. was in deepale; but all at once a bright idea flashed into bis mind, to the effect that the servants of the Telegraph Company were incomparable in eucoceding in making people open their doors Forthwith the worthy gentleman went to the Telegraph Office and despatched a telegram to his wife, at Bristol, instructing her to send a message at once by telegraph to Mr. A., British Hotel, London, with the following words: "Get up; it is high time." A few minutes after, an emplor a of the Telegraph Office arrived at the hotel and knocked at the door of the solicitor, making such a row that the gentleman called making such a row that the gentleman called out, "Who's there?" "A telegram for you, sir." The solicitor opened the doer, took the telegram, and read, "Get up; it is high time." "I should like to see the man who had the im-pudence to send me this," said the solicitor, in rage. At this moment the gentleman who had The worthy man of the law plained matters. could not help laughing heartily at the trick played upon him, and at once entered into conference with the gentleman on business mattera.

had ended, in 1783 our country covered 820 680 square miles. In 1860, by various acquisitions, this had grown to 2 010,277 square niles, and row, by the Russian cession,

Beet root sugar, it is antounced, is sucof very good quality have just been received at the State capital, from a manufactory recently established in Livingston county, Illinois.

New Grenada is one of those delightful South American countries which is in a state of perpetual revolution. The last movement has been the seizure by Mosquera of sixty eight of his Congressmen, who are now imprisoned, and great excitement exists throughout the country. The people of New Grenada seem as fully ca pable of self-government as the people of Mexico, out no more.

Some time ago they started a female inary in Salt Lake City. but in the height of its prosperity the Mormon nuelo teacher eloped with and "married" the

Some wives are said to be so jealous that ney don't like their spouses to embrace a fair opportunity.

The other day Mr. C treated his son, a awake little fellow of four cummers, to a h ride. The horse slipping, came down sleigh ride. The horse slipping, came upon upon his haunches, at which the youngeter remarked imperiously, "I don't like to have the

It is estimated that there is \$2,600 or conterfeit money in circulation in this

ta A young lady in New York recently houg berself with the cord of the bridal bed on the morning after ber marriage.

Adams the Joppa leader, mounts a high cose in speaking of those of his followers who are mumured. "Some of them," says he lave murmured. have sickened and died, and others soon will hey repent

TRANSPLANTING TREES - Mark the nort side of trees with red chalk before they are taken up, and when set out have the tree put in the ground with its north side to the north l its natural position. Ignoring this law of na-ture is the cause of so many transplanted trees dving. If the north side is exposed to the south the heat of the sun is too great for that a de of the tree to bear, and therefore it dries up and

THE LADY'S PRIBND.

SPLENDID INDICEMENTS POR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg mave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splend'd arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contribu-tors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stortes and sketches, the following novelets, which

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NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of ' In

DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.
These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy Mrs. Louise. Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M Dougles, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer,

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Power of Women in Turkey.

man, meeting a woman in the street, turns his head from her, as if it were forbidden to look on her; they seem to detest an impudent woman, to shun, and to avoid her. Any one, therefore, among the Christians, who may have dissensions or altercations with Turks, if he has woman of entrit, or a virage for his wife, sets means, not unfrequently gains his point. highest diegrace and shame would attend a Turk who should rashly lift his hand against a woman; all he can venture to do is to treat her with harsh and contemptuous words, or to march off. The sex lay such stress on this privilege that they are frequently apt to indulge their passion to excess, to be most unreasonable in their claims, and violent and irregular in the pursuit of them. They will importune, tease, and insult a judge on the bench, or even the Vizier at his divan; the officers of justice do not know how to recent their turbulence; and it is a general observation that, to get rid of them, they often let them gain their cause, - Sir George Largent's

An old gentleman (thought to be a member of the Legislature from the "roral dis-tricts,") went into Trinity Church at Boston, Sunday afternoon, while Rev. Mr. Gallaudet was repeating the service to the deaf mutes, by signs, etc. After attentively watching the proceedings for a few moments, he rose from his seat, took his hat and cane and started for the door, and, as he passed out, shook his head reproachfully at the sexton, and mottered, "I can't stand them ritual tantrums nohow."

ta A gentleman met another in the street ill of consumption, and accosted him

thus: "Ak! my friend, you walk clowly." Yee," replied the man, "but I'm going tast." A Philadelphia scoundrel is described as "He is one of the handsomest ma bipeds upon whom our optics ever rested. tature about five feet high, with a complexion ike mother-of pearl, a beautiful eye, and hair ike flore rilk. He stood before the Alderman a edel for an Adonia."

A nobie heart will disdain to subsist, like drone, upon the honey gathered by others labor-like a leach, to filch its food out of the public granary-or, like a shark, to prey on the leaser fiv. but will one way or other carp his

MERCINY IN HUNAN HARAINS -A French rnal relates a story of a wealthy farmer wh died many years ago, and on digging a grave in close proximity to where he had been buried, the bones were accidentally exhumed. On an amination, brilliant particles of a metallic lu tra were found, which, on being collected, pre-sented a considerable quantity of oxide of mer-Thus, for thirty five years the mercury id been preserved almost without alteration the body of deceased, who had probably rade frequent use of the metal during the latter

his life. "Mike, have you settled that off air with and week, and since that he has stopped butter

* A close fellow remarked to a friend that he saw a pullable sight whan he cook his a mg walk, and he cookin's he primary for starving child. His friend in junet now tauch answered that he controlled he coluge.

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A ROSE-BUD MEMORY.

Than when greeing the spot where it grew All withered and pale, of a flower but the

dream ? 'Tis because it was given by you.

Tis because the sweet floweret had Ingered

On the bosom of beauty and youth, And came to me breathing her truth

And now, though its leaflets are gone to decay

And mournfully drooping its stem, And tints from the rainbow are fading away,

Like its fragrance, still lingering, fond memory

Will couple this blossom with thee

And ecothe by recalling the look and the smile That came with the rose bud to me

Good Digestion.

Men who succeed need not have any subtile minds, or brilliant imaginations, or marvellous powers of industry. Some industry, some imagi nation, and some acutepess are, doubtless, indipensable. But the one indispensable factor is a good digestion. The laborious man and the industrious man is often of an atrabilious ten perament, gloomy and austere; or he is nervous fidgetty, auxious and fresful. In neither case is he successful. He may consume gallons of mid night oil on some very clever or very learned being a three weeks lion, be will find himself supplanted in the homage of society by his own book, or by some sharp, society by he own book, or by some sharp, quick witted, off hand spark, who picks his brains, repeats his sayings, appropriate his facts or his interences, and gains all the credit that is really due to the genrus and industry of a discontented dispeptic. The man with a good stomsch ample barrel, broad f.ce, glowing cheeks, and a rudde emile, which may denote good humor, sympathy, or perfect ind fivence. Who does not know the or perfect ind firence. Who does not know the "capital good fellow" of society, with his rosy gille, habitual emile, and white teeth; his little nuendoes, and his eignificant looks, indicating that he knows your latest secret and last formed ONLY A DREAM.

BY A. J. RAQUIER.

By the lake, beyond the meadow, Where the illies blow— As the young moon dipt and lifted Her reflected bow! Lived and died a dream of beauty,

Many years ago.

Something made the milk-white blossom Even whiter grow ;

Something gave the dying sunset

An intenser glow; And enriched the cup of pleasure, lailed to overflow

Hope was frall, and Pamion fleeting It is often so; Visions born of golden sunsets,

With the suppets go; To have loved is to have suffered

Where the lilies blow, Of the glory there that perished, one shall ever know When the human beart was broken, Many years ago!

By the lake, beyond the meadow,

GURTHA. IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER VI.

"When do we start?" asked Gurtha of the maid, whom, when she went to her room for the night a day or two later, she found just finishing

the packing of that very complete wardrobe of Mrs. Garstone's providing. The woman hesitated; she had been forbidden 4.00 to say anything about the journey to Miss Tree-

"I know all about it, so you needn't tell me any lies," was Gurtha's politely researting re-

"We go as far as London to-morrow, I be lieve, miss, if Miss Wintower forls well enough, and the weather's better than it promises." Gurtha knew that the plan proposed was to leave her in Paris en route; the rest of the family,

Miss Wintower with them, proceeding to Italy. The room that had been given to Gurthanever would have been afforted to her had they had any idea of the desperate nature of the girl. One of its windows opened into a sort of outside corridor enclosed by glass, which ran along the greater part of one wing of the house to a giaesloer, from which steps descended into a large

conservatory; this was locked inside at night, and the key often left in the door. When the servant was gone, and she had been alone some time, and the house was per-fectly still, Gurtha locked and bolted her room-door; took off her evening dress, and put on the black one she had worn when she came to thevals, and her hat and closk. Noiselessly as she could, she opined the window into the corridor, stole along it, and looked through the glass-door down into the conservatory; a glimmering spark moved up and down among the flowers and shrubs. The place was dimit lighted from the drawing room windows; and Girtha, stand-

ing in the dark, could by and by distinguish Me Garetone, moving slowly to and fro, enjoying a cigar, the perfume of the flowers, and his contionsness of happy leve. read was clear. She get out. She flew through the shrubberies, climbed the locked gate into the park, sped through the park, and climbed the palings into the wood. Then, at last, she

passed to take breath, and to think of what she had done. Escaped, alone and at night, as from a pricon, from a house where she had been reated as a welcome guest, as a daughter, as a dister. The wood frightened Gurtha. It was weter. sister. The wood inguience training full of fantistic terrors, from wildly toesed boughs, grote-que trunks, unfamiliar noises, sudden and unexpected movements. She pushed through it, caught at by tangled undergrowth of prickly brier and twisted thorn, sometimes more han knee-deep in fern : it was a passage of tear. When she was on the open moor, and felt the full sweep of the wild wind, she felt safe and at Ah why does this rose bud more beautiful home. Sometimes she ran, sometimes she walked, always making towards the sea; somefew moments, she rested night was not dark; before the morning broke, she had reached M chael's gate. She wrapped her clask tightly round her, sat down on the ground, leaning against the friendly gate, to wait for morning and fell asleep. When she woke, Michael was kneeling by her; he had jumped garden-path, in the gray of the morning, that comething leaned against the gate. "I've rup

> cold it is !"-yawning and shivering together. He had tieen when she did. "I've been walking all night. I was hot en I sat down here. I suppose I fell asleep; when I sat down here. at it's cold now. They've been very kind morrow - Be quick, Michael, and get the boat ready." She had seemed stupefied on first waking, but now her energy returned. "Be nick, Michael. They 'll find I'm gone; they 'l

away !" she cried, starting to her leet.

end over to the Grange; they'll come to look for you - Be quick, Michael." But Michael stood still and stared at her. She noticed how ill he was looking, how altered,

how strange. "Michael, I do think you took me for my

Mire Gurtha, do you know what it is you have done?" he asked solemnly.
"Why, of course I do. What do you mean!

Don't lose any time. Get the boat ready di-

He said impressively: "Mice Gurtha, you

don't know what it is you are going to do. "I know what's the matter with you, at any rate," she said "you are aftery, Michael, be cause I didn't write as often as I had promised You thought I had forgotten you. Dear Mi

I a meet came to hope you had forgotten me, Miss Gartha."
"Bat I hadn't. I can't do without my dear

old Michael .- Michael, please be quick-please

get the boat now."
"But, Mise Gurtha," he said, "I want to know this: do you clearly understand, that if you go away with me, as we had planted, you can never come back to be as you were before !"

"But I mean, Miss Gurtha, people will say bit.

things against you, people will think things down for my worst enemy to walk over me, and against you, the sort of things— Well, after this no gentleman will ask you to be his wife." These last words he blurted out; he had meant to speak more plainly, but, at the last moment, his courage had failed him.

"Do I want any gentleman to ask me to be his wife?" she demanded.-" Michael, do, do

get the boat ready." In the few moments that followed, Michael went through a great struggle. He stood mo-tionless and irresolute, the girl all the while urging him on to be quick, to get ready, to lose no time; and the adversary took him unaware and at a disadventage, after he had fought a hard fight, had come off conqueror, was weak with victory. In the time she had been away, he had come to himself, and had given up Gurtha. He had given up love and revenge, and the hope of ever seeing again the same "Miss Gurtha" from whom he had parted, and he had said; "It is best," and was settling down to a gray dull life. "It's very stormy," he said, looking out to sea. "I don't know that "It's rafe Miss Christia."

"I'm not afraid; I always feel safe with you." At least come in and sit by the fire, and eat a bit, and have a drop of bot tea. Your teeth

are chattering. "Well," she said, "if you 'll be getting ready

while I boll the water." He led the way in, blew up the fire, and set some water on in a saucepan, put his tea-canis-ter and teapot and a cup and saucer ready for Then he paused a moment before he left

her, in spite of her impatient face.
"Mica Gurtha, I've a heavy feeling about m hears," he said—"a feeling that I'm doing you a mighty wrong in hearkening to you, and giving way to you. Will you ask God to forgive me?"

You're doing me no wrong. What wrong you be doing me? Do, do go and get can you be doing me? Ho, do go and get ready, Michael. We can talk when we are in

the fire, she cast curious glances around. room was a sort of kitchen-parler, neat and trim, flowering plants in the window, books on the window-sill. Michael had not gone far; he did not seem able to tear himself away. He was looking stealthly at her through the window he saw her stir the fire, lift the saucepan, make the tea. As he watched this done by her in his house, the old delirium overmastered him; his fears given to the winds, with his misgivings, his self-reproach, he rushed down to the Cove iike a man possessed, and got the boat ready.
"At least, if I can't have her, no other man shall. We'll risk it together," he said.

Quick as he was, Gurtha was down in the Cove before all was quite prepared. She was feverishly impatient.

"Are you warmer now, Miss Gurtha?" he ked her. He threw his best jacket round her, buttoned it at the throat, to keep it fast, and as he did so, fixed such a look of hungry love upon her as must have startled her had she met it;

but she did not; she was looking out to sea.

He put bread and water, a flask of brandy, all the ruge and coats he possessed, into the boat, and then he gave Gurtha a few words of caution. The getting cff, the getting clear of the surf, would be dangerous work. She must sit firm and quiet, do nothing but what he told her; once in the wide swell, and they were com-

paratively rafe. "I will do all you tell me, indeed I will, dear Michael," she promised.

"One thing more," he said. "I tell you there's mortal darger, Miss Gurtha. In five minutes the boat may be swamped, and se to swimming in that surf-- In case snything should happen us, would you mind just for one to either of us, would you mind just for once doing to me what you did when you was but a baby, and never since ?"

" What's that Michael?" " Put your arms round me, Miss Gurths, and klas me of vour own free-will. You wou'dn't if refused to take you, would you? But you will

now? She paused a moment. She thought of M. Garstone, and Lesitated. She thought of Edith

Wintower, and then, laughing reckles ly:
"You foolish old Michael?" she cried; "anything you like, only let us be quick—let us be quick;" and she threw her arms, as well as she ould reach to do it, round his neck, and kissed

A few moments after that they were tossing about on the surf. They were both drenched, and the boat was half-full of water almost immediately. Gurtha, at Michael's command, brows knit, strained every nerve to keep the

They won't be getting up at Chevala for a couple of hours yet," Gurtha said by and by, when they were in comparatively smooth water

Michael answered nothing; and Gurtha, no onger having anything to do, no longer on the fret for fear of pursuit and capture, fell to think ing—of Chevala and its master—of what would be said, and done, and felt when she was missed. By-and by, she got tired of thinking, tired of silence. As her excitement died away, fatigue made itself felt, and her spirits flagged.

The rea was turbid and stormy, very wicked and evil looking under a lowering sky; it was all cold, cheerless, and gloomy, and the seabirds shricked diamally

"I wish you would speak, Michael, it all looks You don't look like my Michael r mooig on I feel afraid of you. I'll jump overboard," she

said, laughing.
"Be quiet, child; sit still. The weather looks bad, we shall have a squall down on us. I've work enough to manage the boat."

Something in his manner silenced her. He spoke hist next. She was shivering violently, and her teeth chattering. They had been out ome hours. He hade her est a bit of bread and take a sup of brandy, and she obeyed him. "You wish yourself back in the gay rooms at

hevals? "No indee I don't Michael: you needn't

By-and-by, she noticed that he seemed to be

ulling for the island.
"What's that for ?" she asked quickly. He did not answer till he had pulled a good

steamer comes in sight. She'll be late to day— wind and tide dead against her. I must rest a bit. I'm pretty near done for," be said then. "Foor Michaell Take something yourself. I'll hold the oars when we get into sheller; or

'll feed you now, if you like. is-it's my mind, not my body, that's tired, Miss senseless out to sea. Gurtha. It's been just one fight now for a good Sometimes I've got so weak, I'd have lain

only asked for death.

He was leating on his cars now, not using them, letting the bost rock and roll in the waves that rushed on and rushed back from the eland while he gazed into the girl's face.

"What is the matter, Michael ?" she asked

"The time's come when we must understand each other, Miss Gurtha. This is the matter: I love you, Miss Gurtha, not like a boy, but like You must promise to be all mine—my You've done it, Miss Gurtha; you've tempted me beyond what a man can bear. tempted me beyond what a man can bear. It love you as no man loved a woman before. On Miss Gurtha, I'll worship you always. But you must promise to be my wife—all mine, and only mine always, or we'll drown now together. Some way, I'll have you; no other man shall. I had fought with myself, and conquered myself over and over. At last, I'd done with you and all the best things of life, and then you came back and tempted me, in your ignorance, your innocence, my beauty, but beyond what a man can bear You'll have pity on me; you'll promise me now to be my wife." He waited for her answer.

She shrank from him, pale and speechless shrinking more and more as he bent more to wards her. This was not her old friend Michael this man, with a passionate face, and eyes at once fierce and imploring. This was a stranger of whom she felt afraid—afraid with such a fear as swallowed up her dread of her brother

Again he urged his cause, and then again waited for her answer. It came.
"Take me back, Michael—dear Michael, take

me back, and I will promise always to love "That won't do, my girl. I know what that means. And you will be another man's wife."
"Oh, Michael, I will promise never, never, never to marry anybody. I do not want ever

to marry anybody," she said. And as she thought of Mr. Garstone and Edith Wintower, she burst into passionate crying, hiding her face in her These tears rather hardened than coftence "You don't want to marry anybody, because

you love a man you can't have," he thought.

Presently she raised her head, and renewed her entreaties. When soe found them of no she saw is stern and relentless, her passiona's epirit rose. She stood up, with difficulty balan-cing herself in the rocking and rolling boat. She

cried imperiously: "Take me back, fellow; I command you I'm not afraid of death now; I don't eare for life now. Take me back, or I'll drown my

He was using every effort now to steady the " For God's sake, sit down, Miss Gurtha," he

eaid; "I only ask you just to hear me." She sat down, and then his bitterness returned

lady, I find," be encered; "and I thought you to different. Too proud to be an honest fellow's wife-the wife of a man who would leve you and slave for you—too proud to be his wi'e, but not too proud to have made a plaything of him

and a tool " Michael, you are lying wickedly. You know

it is not that !"
"What is it, then ?"

"It is, that I do not love you—not in the way you want me to."
"Because I am a poor fisherman, and not a gentleman. But just listen, Miss Gurtha. No gentleman will have you after this Your character's gone after this. That villain, your bro ther, who drove you to it, will lead you a dog's ife after this."

"What have I done, then, M chael?" "Haven't you run away to me? Haven't you run away with me? Aren't we alone here together, with no one to hear or to help? Don't you remember what they said of the poor par son's daughter? Don't you remember woat

names they called her?"
"And will they say that of me? Will they call me such names? Oh, Michael!" See bid her burning face in her hands. She was beginning to understand it all; and—she thou, he o Mr. Girstone. Would be hear her called these

"I'd like to see the man who shall say a word against my wife!" he shou'ed, shouting against wind and wave. "The poor parson's daughter went off with a villain, who never meant ber Miss Gurtha, before I'll burt a hair of your head

only promise to be my wife nat have I done? what have I done?"

moaned the girl. "What, I swear, you shall never have caus to repent. I'll work for you like a slave; I'll treat you like a queen. I'll pass for your servant, when you're ashamed to own me for you husband."

She lifted up her face. "Michael, you do not understand me. I'd never be ashamed of you-I couldn't be so meen. I should be nothing but proud of you if I loved you; but I do not love you. O. as a playfellow, a friend, a brother; but when you talk to me of being your wife, I almost hate

she said slowly. you," she said slowly.
"Then you love somebody else?" "Perhaps I do," she answered. "Some one

again she hid her burnin - face. rocked violently in the waves that thundered against its rocky side. Michael made no effort steady it; he was absorbedly watching the

Gurtha presently again commanded Michael

"You think I am in your power." she cried "but I am not -I .m not! I don't care for life and I am not afraid of death, and I'm in no

He was relenting, but she did not know it.

Once more she sprang up-one foot on the side of the boat. She looked at him Involuntarily, he stretched out an arm to hold her back to save her, dropping his oar. See misunder stood the action. But whether the sout over-turned with her, or she overset it in springing over, she could never afterwards distinctly renember. But they were both in the water, that he knew, for before she lost her series, she felt herself seized and saved. He managed somehow, by an effort almost superhuman, to land her on the rock. Then a might billow struck him, swept him from what he clung to, " You hold the oars! Now I tell you what it dashed him against the stones, and carried him

She lay senseless on the rock—safe for some

CHAPTER VII.

The alarm of Miss Treetrail's disappearance vas raised early. The gardener, going his morning rounds, found the conservatory door wide open, and made this known to the servants The young ladies maid thought she would run up and see if that wild girl, Miss Treetrail, was out and see if that wild girl, Miss Freetral, was out already, or if the window looking into the corridor were still shuttered and closed. It was open; the room was empty; and the bed had not been slept in. The bouse was awakened, Mr. Garstone mounted immediately, and rode off to the Grange; when he reached it, Mr. Trestrail was still eleping off the effects of an evening epent with a few of his most congenial His blasphemous oaths when, sill associates. It's biasphemous cates when, a ill only haif-awakened, he heard what was the matter, confirmed Mr. Garstone in his previous impressions of the speaker's character. They were such as could not pass the lips of a rentleman—of any man who did not keep utterly low

a d vile company.

The young men went together to the Cove, to Michael's cottage. Michael was not to be found: his boat was not in the Cove or any where in sight

There is little hope but that they are lost, if they put out in such a sea as there must have been early this morning," Mr. Garetone said. "No such luck. A fellow born to be hanged, like that Petcowie, will never be drowned. As

"Hold your tongue!" commanded Mr. Gar-

It was to Mr. Garstone that all the precautions taken to avoid a general scandal were due. Young Treetrail thought of nothing, talked of nothing but revenge. Mr. Garstone had made him leave the house quietly, and now made him accompany him to Thorney-cliff Village, which was just above the next Cove. They had furnished themselves with guns (Mr. Garstone had seen that his companion's was not loaded;) they them off to the is and, oster sibly to sh fowl. Be this time, the wind had sunk, and the sea moderated a good deal. They went to the island because the fugitives might have taken refuge there; at all events, from its highest point it was possible to see to a great distance Although the wind and the sea had by this time abated so considerably, yet reaching the island was no easy matter; and the boatmen considered it a queer freak of the gentlemen to want to go there in such weather. They landed at to go there in such weather. They landed at list, however, in its shore-ward side, and leaving the men with the boat, agreed to separate to explore it, after they had climbed to its highest point to search the distance. The upturned out had drifted into a narrow creek f om th m by the precipitous d scent of the cliff,

and was beaung to pieces against the rock.
"If I cross his path, I'll shoot him down like a dog before her eyes I' cried young Trestrail. "And if you do, no witness of mine, no eff at of mine shall be wanting to get you hung for answered Mr. Gars one, in unrestrainable disgust. "For any harm that has happened, you have only yourself to blame. As far as you sister is concerned, I am convinced this is no thing but a girlish plot for escaping from what she so dreaded-being sent to school young Petcowrie, the worst he has planned has

" A: d what worse could be have planned, the

Go that way, and I will go this; the sooner we part the better Happily, it was Mr. Garstone who found Gartha. She was lying, still senseless, where Michael had put her; loss of blood from a deep wound on one temple had helped to keep her sendeless. Sie was found but just in time (or just too coon, as she for a long time thought, poor creature;) half an hour more and she would have been dashed over by the rieing tide, and ewept away. Mr. Garetone litted her up, and carried her to where there was a patch of scan'y grass; he rubbed her forehead with b andy, and chafed her hands, did all he could to restore conscionences; wrapped the plaid he had curied across his shoulders close round her. Sie was cold as death: for a time it was not easy to be sure that she was not dead. When her eyelids

suce that she was not dead. When her eyelids opened, and her lips moved, her first word was "Michael."

"Where is your friend! When did he leave

you ?" Thus questioned, she looked into Mr. Garstone's fact steadily. Her head was resting on his arm, and the eyes she looked up into were very pititul.

The blood rushed to his face at something in her tone and in her eyes. He stooped, and kissed her cold forehead.

"No, my poor child, you are not: you are saved; you are with a friend. But what has happened, and where is young Petcowrie?

See half lifted herself up, and looked about. "I remember," she said, and paused. Toen her eyes, failing on the upturned boat, caught in the creek just below, she screamed:

You do not know?"

It all rushed upon her.
"He is dead; he is drowned," she screamed. "He saved me; he never meant anything but to save me; and he is dead; he is drowned. I killed him : I upset the boat,'

A few more passionate words told him all there was to tell. There was no hope whatever tor Michael: hours must have passed since he was swept away. There would perhaps be a bedy to recover: if so, that would be all. When Mr. Garstone found to what an agony

of remoree he had recailed the girl, be almost eank into a state of partial stupor-our greates griefs often bring with them their own deadly opiate! Now and then, she said: "Poor Michael," but not in any tone that indicated consciousness of what had happened to him

When young Trestrail found them, nefore waiting to hear anything that had happened, he began to pour down upon his sister's head a torrent of foul invective. This seemed to rouse Looking up into his face, she said :

"You call me every name but the right : call me a murderess." Mr. Guestone was beside himself with disgust. Any suavity and courtesy be usually exercised

"Another such expression as those you have just used, and I'll knock you down!" he said; and Trestrail was ellenoed. Garatone looked as if he meant what he said, and the other was a

towards young Trestrail (and it was not easy to

it was not without difficulty that they got Gurtha across the island and into the

venturous, both by sea and land; her being picked off this island in such stormy weather picked off this island in such stormy weather did not excite much surprise in the men; they supposed she had been left there to bunt for wild-fowls' eggs; and that the storm had hindered ber from being fetched off. This had happened to her before. She had met with an co-cident, too, they said. The men had enough to do to make the shore again before the night was down on them, and did not much trouble themselves about anything else. Mr. Garstone told them to try and get in at Petcowrie Cove: they managed it; were handsomely fed, and they managed it; were handsomely fed, and sent cff. They had shouted out to young Pet-cowrie to come down and help them with the boat; but his not answering excited no surprise; it was so dark now, that they couldn't miss his boat from under the cliff; they concluded be was off to the town. Gurtha taken out of the bost, sank down in a heap on the sand: wet, cold, exposure, and loss of blood had taken all life out of her limbs.

"Come, girl, come; your own feet brought you here, and they must take you away again," her brother cried, shaking her roughly by the shoulder. Then, turning to Mr. Garstone: "Do you telieve she can? walk? What the deuce are we to do with her?"

sure she can't walk. She's deadly ill. and may never walk again. Go up to the Grange, Trestrail, have a carriage got ready—any car-riage you can drive yourself; get it down as near here as possible; I'll manage the rest. We'll take her back to Chevala."

"Will your mother have her?"
"Certainly she will."

"'Pon my honor, you're very good. I'm sure I shouldn't know what to do with her."

"Be quick. And, Trestrail, remember, the only thing to be said about this affair is the truth: that your elster took fright at the notion of being sent to school, and ren away."

Mr. Trestrail took his way towards the Grange.
Mr. Garstone covered Gurtha as manufact.

Mr. Trestrail took his way towards the Grange.
Mr. Garstone covered Gurtha as warmly as he could as she lay on the sand, and then paced up and down, keeping guard over her. The night had closed in rapidly: he could just distinguish the helpless form, and very pitifully he thought of the life lying before this girl if she lived, the blighted life, which could never be young, and innocent, and happy again, but must always have a bitter core of remorse. Whatever was the true history of what had happened, there could be no doubt that, somehow, that fine brave young fellow's life had been sacrificed by her. Human judgment could hardly think it well. Human judgment could hardly think it well that she should live; but Divine love knows,"

What seemed to him a very long time passed What seemed to him a very long time parseu before he heard Trestrail's signal-whistle from the cliff. He stooped over Gartha then, and lifted her in his arms. It was no easy matter to get her safely up the steps, but he accom-plished it. When he had put her into the carriage, she kept a cenvulsive hold of his arm.

You are not going to leave me alone with

No, no; I'm going to take you to my

mother."

"She needn't be so afraid. I'm not quite the brute I sometimes seem. I wouldn't hurt her now," muttered young Trestrail. He drove away; and Mr. Garstone kept warch over Gurtha, afraid leat, in her desperation, she should throw herself from the carriage. A few hours later, and she was delivered into Mrs. Garstone's kind and clever hands.

and clever hands.

The physician summoned from Scarmouth remained with her all night, and in the morning pronounced that every symptom of violent fever had set in: exactly by what name to call the fever, he did not know, for the brain and the lever, he did not know, for the brain and the limbs seemed about equally affected. It might leave her an idiot, a cripple, or both. Poor Gurtha owed it to her strong constitution and hitherto perfect health that she fought through her violent illness to ghastly convalescence. But it was a long fight, and altered all the Garstones' plans, keeping them at Chevala that winter. With lose of health and vigor, Gurtha had seemed to lose all beauty. The first day she was moved from her sick-room, she asked to see Mr. Garstone. He found the change in her contiling All her and here age. appalling. All her hair had been cut off; a close white cap surrounded the hollow face; her great eyes had a glaxed, unnatural look; her temp'e was badly scarred; and the skin seemed strained tight over her somewhat large features He could not help showing that he was shocked. She took the hand he held out in both hers, and pulled herself up that her face might reach his "Where is he?" she asked.

grave is as I think you would wish it : the headstone is a simple Cornish cross, in granite; there is an inscription, telling some of his brave

Thank you," she said, sinking down again for this, and for all your goodness. You have never done me snything but kindness, excep should have been washed away. I lie and think of that, and long to lie there now, and wait for the wild swirl of water that would end

He groaned inwardly, looking at her, seeking out in his mind for something to say -some

thing of comfort. "If granny and the old man had been alive. I should know what I'd got to live for," standard; "but now, I don't know at all. I'd have worked for them as Michael did-just as he did and I should have known then what I was left alive for." She turned her head away from him on the pillow, and the tears ran from her eyes quietly as they ran down, they were, neverthe

less, tears of intense bitterness.
"You're too weak yet to think of the past or the future," he said, stroking her hand gently.
"The life God spared you, for His own good purpose, He will, by-and-by, show you how to use and to bear."

He was going, but she clung to his fingere "I should like every one to know what I really am," she said—"a murderess, you know. He meant nothing but to save me, and in my pos-sion I upset the boat. And after that, he saved

He lost his life in saving me."
ou must not call yourself that name, or think of yourself by that name : to do so can do no good, can only work harm to you. Your mind now is wesk and unhealthy, like your body; by and by, when you are stronger, we will talk all this over.—Will you let Edith come and sit with you cometimes? I think she could do you good. She is young, but she has suffered a great deal: she is different from Mildred and Adela, and from most women. May she come?"

" No, no; I do not want her .- I did not mean that—I meant I am not fit for her; yet if she will be so good, I should like her to come." Mr. Garstone, before going away, stooped and | pany.

She was known in the neighborhod as wildly ad- kissed the scarred forehead, calling her his poor

Mrs. Garstone came in a few moments after, and found Gurths strangely excited.
"Tell him never, never to do that again!" she

ried. ... What, my child? and who?" "What, my child? and who?"

"Your son. Tell him never to kies me again.
It was good of him: he meant to show by it that he did not despise me. It was good of him, so I am glad he has done it once; but it hurt me: tell him never to do so again." Then she groaned—"O Michael!"

A few days later the brother and sister met.

A few days later, the brother and sister met. A few days later, the brother and sister mer. Trestrail was shocked and softened, and at the same time annoyed by the change in his sister. He told her to get well soon, and not fret over what was done, and couldn't be undone, and be what was cone, and coulon't be undone, and he dared say it was no fault of hers. He promised her she should hear no more of being sent to echool, or of snything disagreeable to her, and that he would try and he a better brother to her than he had been.

She let her languld hand lie in his, till not knowing what to do with it any longer, he dropped it. She looked at him while he spoke, as if his voice came to her out of some other world, and she said hardly a word. It came to be a habit of Edith Wintower's to

It came to be a habit of Edith Wintower's to sit with Gurtha for an hour or two every day; and Mr. Gurstone was right—this did Gurtha good; she learned to love Edith, and this love lightened her heart and her life. But when, early in the spring, Mrs. Garstone urged that Gurtha should join their party, should spend some months more with them, traveiling with them, Gurtha refused, and pleaded instead for the did nin, that she might be put to school for the old plan, that she might be put to school

somewhere, anywhere.
Pushed to extremities, and urged to give her

Pushed to extremities, and urged to give her reasons, she did give them, when she found herself alone with Mrs. Garstone.

"Mrs. Garstone, I love your son: I am not ashamed of that, for he is worth better love than I can give him. I love Edith too; but somehow, as yet, I cannot see them together and not suffer—suffer horribly—a sort of suffering that makes me wicked. I don't understand it—for I don't want him to love me as he does her—such don't want him to love me as he does her—such a thing as I am. I don't understand it—but—" She finished with a great burst of salutary weeping—hiding her face in Mrs. Garstone's

beeom.

"Bless you, my brave girl, for telling me the truth!" And she was folded in motherly arms, and soothed by motherly caresses.

"If I could always be with you, I think I could be good!" said Gartha—"but I can't; and, O Mrs. Garstone, I'm so young still, and may have to live so many years! and what shall I do with my life? How shall I bear it? Where can I bury my thought? He was so good, you

I do with my life? How shall I bear it? Where can I bury my thoughts? He was so good, you know, so brave, so kind, and I killed him!"

"Hush, hush! You must bury your remorse-ful thoughts under good works, poor child! If I part with you for a little while, very soon, if you then wish it, you shall come back to ma. I'll find you work, child, hard work, plenty of work, good work. When both my girls are married, Gurtha—that will be before another year, and my son—I shall feel myself free to spend and my son-I shall feel myself free to spend my money and what's left to me of life in carrying out a scheme of mine, and, Gurtha, I shall want some one young, and strong, and loving to help me. In helping the widow in the hour of her sill ction, in adopting the orphan (widows and orphans, child, of men lost at sea), don't you think life spent in that way may by and by seem worth having?—The first day you can go out facts I'll drive you to the haw there I. out, Gartha, I'll drive you to the bay where I mean this summer to begin building a home. Don't you think, Gartha, life may seem worth living for, when we know that we are loved and blessed by helpless women and young children?"

The girl listened with a brightening, softening

And, after long years, this dream of Mrs. Gar stone's became a reality. The "home" was no mere "inetitution," but a real home. Mrs. Gar-stone and Gartha Trestrail lived there, and loved there, and made the home-atmosphere.

Gartha regained her beauty, her youth, health, elasticity, and hope; but she was content to hope for others, and to give her youth, health, and elasticity to help stricken women to struggle through trouble, and little children to grow

up loved and cared for.
She lives on there now, after Mrs. Gurstone has long been dead; she has the blessings of the desolate, and the love of little children to

ewecten her life.

On the Cornish cross in the churchyard near the desolate Grange, an often-renewed wreath hangs.

THE BABIE.

Nac shoon to hide her tiny taes, Nae stockings on her feet; Her supple ankles white as snaw Of early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled nink. Her double, dimpled chin, Her puckered lip and baumy mou', With na ane tooth between

Her een, sae like her mither's een Twa gentle liquid things; Her face is like an angel's face-We're glad she has nae wings.

She is the budding o' our love, A siftie God sie'd us: We munna love the gift over weel-Twad be noe bleesing thus.

A Love Story.

When Marshal Baxaine left the city of Mexi with the French army, his nephew, Lieutenant Adolphe Bazaine, was about to be married to a beautiful Mexican senorits. In the hurry of their departure, however, it was not found con-venient to celebrate the nuptials. It was therefore arranged that the young lady should follow her lover to Orizaba, and that the wedding should take place there. Meanwhile the Liberals elosed in upon the retiring French troops, and occupied the whole country, stopping the mails and travel. This was a sad state of things, but nothing is impossible to a true lover. Armed noting is imposence to a true with a passport which stated the object of his retrograde journey, the young lieutenant started out alone for the city of Mexico, passed through the Liberal army and numerous bands of be ditti, which chivalrously opened right and left to let him pass, and bore off his bride safely to

Baitman, Secretary to an Insurance Company not considered too safe, having a handsomely furnished office, it was remarked to him that his room was better than his com-

BRIDEMAIDS' WISHES.

BY A BEST MAN.

Howe'er they fare, That dear particular pair, The twain made one, that single were;

Whate'er betide them, Whether Heaven gently guide them, Or some good fortune be denied them;

Whether we see Their day's prosperity.
Or hear of 't, absent though they be-

Follow them, our loves; Move ye where each one mover, And tell them what our heart approves.

-We wish them ever And faster than all time can sever;

Bound by no noose That chafes with each day's use, But by soft links they would not loose

Sweet Intercourses Tracing from two clear sources One confluent stream of vital forces

Kisses for th' asking, Faces that need no masking, And smiles, that blossom without tasking.

Unfailing buoyance, To tide o'er life's appoyator. And pay no pain for this day's joyaunce.

Hands, for a helpless brother; Power to relieve and raise another.

But such as each desires To make life noble, who aspires;

Moments of leisure; Praise, and good-luck in measure; Large capability for pleasure.

Eaough to est, Though 't be but Monday's meat Served, with love-herbs, for Tuesday's treat;

If sick, to beal it; If sorry, to conceal it;
And health, and a clear mind to feel it:

Daughters to beed them : Sons, and bread to feed them; And children's children, when they need them

Kindly embraces; Brightness of upturned faces; And tears, on their last reeting places -We that were carried

This morn to church, and tarried A little while, to see you married, Though it pinch us nearly To say a fare-well cheerly,

We say so still, and love you dearly. All joys attend you! So to each other we commend you!

It is rather a singular fact that, although the eyes, the mouth, the eyebrows, the eyelashes, the lips—in fact, all the other features of the face, have received commendation from the poets, the nose has been left alone, without much passing remark. Throughout all poetical literature, there ecems to have been a strict si-lence kept on this important subject. No poet to the nose. One would think it would be a very good subject, if for nothing else than for its novelty. It certainly is not worn out, because there has been very little, if anything, ver written about it.

Even in conversation, in every day life, very light mention is made of the none. How often we hear the expressions: "What beautiful we hear the expressions: "What beautiful eyes;" what rosy lips;" what plump cheeks;" but how seldom is the remark made, "what a fine nose!" Whenever the nose is spoken of, it is with a smile. No one ever talks seriously about it; few ever think of expatiating on its beauty. It is more than probable if our great-est poet should send a poem "on the nose" to the editor of a periodical, the latter would re-spectfully decline it, with the remark: "That's li very good, my d

it is on the nose, and that won't do at all. The very terms we use in describing a man's nose tend to bring it into contempt and make us laugh. For instance, we say that a man has a pug nose, a hook nose, a hatchet nose, a club nose, a snub nose, a potato nose, a peaked nose, a parrot's nose, or a turned up nose. Some thoughtless people designate it as a snout, a proboscis; while others, in speaking of a large ose, call it a promontory. A Frenchman says clever man, that he has a fine noe; of prodent one, that he has a good nose; of proud man, that he carries his nose in the air; an inquisitive person is said to poke his nose everywhere; a geurmand is described as always aving his pose in his plate; that of the schola is said to be always in his books. When an individual is growing angry under provocation, the French say the mustard is rising to his nose.
The English say of a man who does not form
very decisive opinions—who is led by what others may rather than by his own judgmentthat he is led by the nose. Others, who do themselves barm when trying to injure an enemy, are said to have cut off the nose to spite the face. And, in love affairs, when a rival has been supplanted, it is said that he has had his

nose put out of joint.

A whole issue of our journal might be filled with the humorous allusions which have been made on the nose. From the very earliest times down to the present, it would seem as if were a tacit agreement among mankind to make the nose a subject of jest. The following is a versification of a remark made on a man who not only had a very large nose, but large teeth siso :

" Let Dick one summer's day expose Before the sun his monetrous n And stretch his giant mouth, to cause Its shade to fall upon his jaws; His nose so long, and mouth so wide, And those twelve grinders, side by side, Then Dick, with very little trial, Would make an excellent sun-dial."

The literal translation of the remark is placing your nose opposite to the sun, and, awfully indignant by her telling him it was only opening your mouth, you will show the hour to a Sarah-neighed.

all observers. A Greek poet describes the nove of a man as being so large that its distance from his ears prevented him from hearing him-

self snerze.
Although the nose has been ridiculed through all time, and held in contempt, yet the majority of the greatest men who have ever lived have been noted for large noses. The Romans had a proverb: "It is not common to every one to who could boast of a prominent nasal speendage, or, to speak more plain's, have an expressive nose. Cyrus the Great had a long, sharp age, or, to speak more street had a long, sharp size nose. Cyrus the Great had a long, sharp nose; and the Persians of the present day, in order that they may resemble, in one particular, at least, their great warrior, pinch their noses to resemble bis. Clore; was called the orator with the equivocal nose. Julius Casar had an aqui-itae nose; so had Achilles; but the nose of the old philosopher, Socrates, it is sad to relate, wa

a decided pug.

It is almost needless to say that the nose enters very largely into the matter of personal beauty. All writers on physiology and beauty lay great stress on the part it must take in the facial outline. Some call it the regulator of all the features. One claims it should be one third the length from the tip of the chin to the root this rule, it must be an excess, for it would be better to have too large a nose than one too small. Plato called the squiling the royal nose; and, from the fact that the subjects of most of and, from the fact that the rollings were repre-tended as having large needs, we may judge that they preferred them to small ones. But tastes they preferred them to small once. But tastes differ; for, among the Kalmucks, a dumpy noce is considered the perfection of beauty. Te Hottentots, among other heathenish customs, flatten the hoses of their efforing; and the Chinese consider a nose of no account unless it be short and thick. The Crim Tartars do worse than this—they break the noses of their children because they consider them in the way of their

The Bridesmaid.

Next to being a bride herself, every good-looking young lady likes to be a bridesmaid. Wedlock is thought by a large proportion of the blooming six to be contagious; and, much to the credit of their ourses, fair repinsiers are not at all afraid of extening it. Perhaps the theory that the affection is communicated by contact is correct. Certainly we have known contact is correct. Certainly we have known one marriage to lead to another, and sometimes to such a retire of "happy events" as to favor the belief that matrimony runs like the cholers

Is there any book entitled "Rules for Brides-maids" in secret circulation among young ladie:? It seems as if there must be, for all the pretts bridesmaids act precisely alike. So far as offi-cial conduct is concerned, when you have seen one bridesmail you have seen the whole fascinating tribe. Their leading duty seems to be to treat the bride as "a victim led with gar-lands to the sacrifice." They consider it necessary to exhort her to "obser up " It is assume by a poetic fiction that she goes in a state of trepidation to the altar, and, upon the whole, would rather not. Her fair assistants provide themselves with pungent essences, lost she should faint at the 'trying mement," which, between you and us, she has no more idea of doing than she has of cyleg. It is true she sometimes tells them that she "fee's as if she should sink into the earth," and that they respond, "Poor, dear soul," and app y the smelling-bottle; but she goes through her nuptial martyrdom with great fortified, nevertheless. In this cases out of ten the billegroom is more industry. In the cases out of ten the billear, on is more of flustered" than the fragile and lovely creature at his side; but notody thisks of pitying him, poor fellow! All sympathy, compassion, in terest, is concentrated upon the bride; and if one of the groomemen does recommend him to take a glass of wine before the ceremony, to steady his nerves, the advice is given super-ciliously—as who should say, "What a spoony you are, old fellow!"

you are, old fellow!" Bridesmail's may be considered as brides in what lawyers call the "incheste" or incipient state. They are looking forward to that day of state. state. They are looking forward to that day of triumphant weakness when it shall be their turn to be "poor, dear creatured," and volatile salted, and otherwise sustained and supported, as the law of nuptial pretences directs. Let us hope they may not be disappointed.

Natural Suction Pump. Livingstone, the African traveller, describes Livingstone, the African traveller, describes an ingenicus method by which the Africans obtain water in the deart: "The women the abunch of grass to one end of a reed about two feet long, and insert it in a hole dug as deep as the arm will reach, then ram down the wet sand firmly around it. Applying the mouth to the free end of the reed, they form a vacuum in the grass beneath, in which the water collects and in a short time rises to the mouth. It will be perceived that this simple but truly philosophical and effectual method might have been there water was greatly needed, to the saving of life. It seems wonderful that it should have been now fires known to the world, and that i should have been habitually practiced in Africa. probably for centuries. It seems worthy of be neglected from ignorance. It may be highly important to travellers in our deserts and prairies, on some parts of which water is known to exist below the surface."

An Friinct Race.

One of the most remarkable races that ever inhabited the earth is now extinct. They were known as the Guanches, and were the aburi-gines of the Canary Islands. In the sixteenth century, postilence, slavery, and the cruelty of the Spatiards, succeeded in totally exterminating them. They are de clibed as having been gigantic in stature, but of a singularly mild and gentle nature. Turic food consisted of barley, gentle nature. wheat and goat's milk, and their agriculture was of the rudest kind. They had a religion which taught them of a future state of rewards and pupishment after death, and of good and evil spirits. They regarded the volcano of Teneriffs as a punishment for the bad. The hodies of their dead were carefully embalmed and depositobject of curiosity to those who visit the islands. Their marriage rites were very soleme, and before engaging in them, the brides were fattened on mik. At the present day these strange people are totally extinct .- Frunds Intelli

A fellow who insisted on exercising his horrible voice under a lady's window, was made

REPENTANCE.

A kitten once to its mother said "I'll never more be good; But I'll go and be a robber ferce, And live in a dreary wood

Wood, wood, wood, And live in the dreary wood."

It climbed a tree to rob a new Of young and tender owle; But the branch broke off and the litten fell,

Howle, howls, bowls!

Then up it rose, and scratched its nose, And went home very sad; "Oh! mother dear, behold me here, I'll never more be bad, Bid, bad, bad,

With e'x tremendous howle!

I'll never more be bad."

A Jenious Monkey.

Here is a story of a jealous monkey, which shows how much human nature Jocko can diplay, and may perhaps be taken to substantiate Lord Monboddo's theory that men, after all, are but monkeys that have less their

At Lyone, France, a ferocious monkey of large size escaped from a menagerie, at d reached the provision wagon, where it commesced to regale itself. Over this animal the proprietor's daughter only had control. The proprietor seized a whip and threatened the animal, who, before receiving a blow, flew at him, threw him on his back, and tearing at his dish, was crunching the bones of his arm, when the shricks of the wretched victim attracted the whole personnel of the menageris, but no one among them dared to approach the beast. Buddenly the unfortunate man's daughter was inspired with an idea. She dragged a clown behind the bars of the eage, opposite the open door, and told him to kiss her. On the sound of this esclutation the monkey, jealous, as many animals are, and who could not endure any mark of affection bestowed on anything but himself, and bowling with rege, turned round, and, be lieving them to be in the cage, dashed into it in order to fly at the clown. Needless to add, the door was instantly closed and barred. At Lyone, France, a ferocious monkey

The proprietor's arm had to be amputated.

J. cko's jealousy is not more abourd than the incometancy of the sailor of whom the following medate is told in an English paper :

absolute is told in an English paper:

A few days ago a seaman belonging in Hull
procured a marriage Hoence, leaving his sweetbeart at home, who thought it very proper
he should go alone to obtain that document.
Having received it, he called at the house of a relative, where he met with an old sweetheart, with whom he had quarrelled five years before, and whem he had not seen since; but in one short hour they forgot their differences, and he his second love. They arranged to be married the next morning with the very license, the wo-man's name only being altered. The nuptials took place, and the bridegroom went to sea on the fellowing day. The feelings of the deserted fair one may be imagined.

A Needle in the Heart.

An English medical journal relates the follow ing in lituaristion of the danger of the habit which many ladies have of sticking needles in the front of their dresses. The fate of the unfortunate lover abould warn young men to be careful how they embrace such walking needle

A etery which went the round of the papers A story which went the round of the papers a few years ago, will be remembered by some of our readers for the mixed impressions of an-sational interest and incredulity which it ex-cited. It was briefly this. A man in the set of saluting a young woman to whom he was at-tached, clasped her in his arms; shortly after-wards he became faint and died. It was found that the young woman indulged in the pertious habit of sticking needles in the front of her dress, and that one of them had pierced the heart of her fond but unfortunate lover. A case which occurred the other day would lead one to thick that the story possessed rome de-gree of probability. On February 11th, a wo-man of very intemperate habits died rapidly, with symptoms of fainting. After death the perfect difference of the symptomic probability was found full of blood which had escaped from wounds in the aorta. The gentleman making the examination pricked his finger with a common sewing needle, which was lying in the pericardial cavity, and was doubtless about the last thing he expected to find in such a situation. There is no history to show how a eltuation. There is no history to show how it came there. The needle may have been swallowed, but as the woman was in the habit of using the front of her dress, in the situation of the heart, as a cushion for pins and perdies. it is very likely that whilst falling about she drove the little weapon through the wall of he it is very likely that whilst failing chest - The Lancet

A Wonderful Watch.

The Mechanics Megezine says :- " A remarkable mechanical curiosity has recently been con structed in London. It is a watch belonging to made expressly for him by James Ferguson Cole, the celebrated London watchmaker. This unique pocket chronometer has a silver dial, on which are nine hands, indicating respectively the hours, minutes, and seconds, the days of the week, the days of the month, and the months of the year. It corrects itself for unequal monthsthat is to say, changes when they have thirty and when thirty-one days, and also corrects itself for leap year. It is so constructed that itself for lesp year. It is so constructed that any slight agitation of the watch, such as the ordinary exercise of walking, winds it up. Thus it may be worn and will go perfectly for years without requiring even to be opened, although is can also be wound by a key in the usual man ner. The dial is arranged in five circles, and within the largest (the hour circle) there is a semi circle showing the moon's age and phases by means of gold on a ground of blue steel.

At the back of the watch is a gold indicator for ascertaining the time in the dark by touch. The complication of the mechanism may be ima-gined, and yet the watch is of ordinary dimetsions and may be conveniently worm in a gentleman's pocket. Is cost the sum of three hun

A great discovery of antique jewe'ry has made in an Indian mound in Tenne see

Witchcraft in Africa.

FROM THE CHAPLED'S RECENT VOLUME OF TRAVELS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Du Chaillu confirms the accounts of all Afri can explorers in regard to the general preva-lence of a belief in witchcraft among the negroes. Some of his narrations rival, in horrible interest, the chronicle of this delusion among more en

Few works pass," says be, "in these an happy villages, without some tragic scene like this:—A poor fellow was singing a mournful song, scated on the ground, in a village street; and, on inquiring the cause of his grief, I was sold that the chief of a village near his having died, and the magic doctor having declared that five persons had bewitched him, the mother, eister, and brother of the mourner had just been ruthlessly massacred by the excited people, and his own house and plantation burned and laid

The process of detecting witchcraft is thus

described:
The "finding out," or trial, in the witchcraft mase, came off on the twenty seventh of April; Mayolo being convinced that neither himself, his wife, nor his nephew would have been ill some one were not be witching them, and seek-ing to cause their death. A celebrated doctor had been sent for from a distance, and appeared had been sent for from a distance and appared in the morning, decked on in the most artistic manner. Half his has a painted red and the other half also, his face was daubed with streams I have, white, and red, and, of course, he - is around his neck a great quantity of The villagers were assembled and the doctor had commenced his divinations when I arrived at the place, a witness once again of this gloomy ceremony, which was different to as related in " Adventures in Equatorial Africa. The doctor counterfitted his voice when speaking, in order to impress upon the people a due sense of his supernatural powers of divination; the painting, dressing, and mummery have the same object in view, namely, to strike awa late the minds of the people. A black earther-ware vessel, filled with water, and surrounded by charmed ochre and feticlies, served the pur-pose of the looking glass used by the coast tribes. The doctor, seated on his stool, looked intently and mysteriously into the water, shook his head, then looked into a lighted torch which he waved over it, made contortions with his body, trying to look as ugly as he could, the smoked the condequial (pipe,) repeated i mummeries over again, and concluded by pronouncing that the persons who were bewitching the village were people belonging to the

This oracular saying put the people late great consternation, they all began to appear afraid of each other, the nearest relatives were made miserable by mutual suspicions. Mayolo then rose and exclaimed, in an excited manner, that the moundou (poison) must be drunk, appointing the following morning for the ceremony, as the people had eaten to-day, and the poison he drunk on an empty stomach. At sun the next morning the village was empty All had gone to a little meadow encircled by woods, a short distance away, to take part in the ceremony. Who were the suspected persons was kept secret, partly because they were afraid that I would interfere. I thought it, however, better policy not to do so, but attended to witness the proceedings and to accertain whether they differed from those followed on similar oc casions near the coast. On entering the assem bly, I gave them the usual salutation, and shool bit, I gave to see the until satisfation, and shoots haids with Mayolo. It soon appeared that the suspicions of the people fell upon three of Mayolo's nephews, his consecutive heirs, it being thought natural that they should wish to get rid of him. I noticed that the whole body of the people took an active part in the affair the doctor not openly naming anybody as the guilty parties. It was the people themselves who originated the suspicions and they showed by their clamor how they thireted for victims.

Marolo and the doctor remained silent. The nephews in vain protested that they were inno-cent, and declared that the accumation was a at they added that there were others wh wanted to be eitch their uncle. They became enraged at the pertinacity of the accusers, and swore that the people should pay dearly for not wizards and would not die. Some of the he village now restred to a short distance to prepare the poison. Roots of the mb were then scraped, the vessel fill with the fregments, on which water was poured; a kind of efferverective then took place, and the water became of a red color, like the root itself. Suf-ficient was made to serve as a good draught for each of the accused. When the water becomes to kill any winards. The drinkers of the moon dou are not allowed to witness the preparation but their representatives may, to see that fall

When, at langth, the poor fellows were brought into the middle of the circle of excited specta was borrid to see the ferocity ex pressed in the countenances of the people; it seemed as though their nature had entirely changed. Knives, axes, and spears were held ready to be used on the bodies of the victims they should surcomb under the ordeal; if the accused should become unsteady under the in quies crowd would become auddenly frenzied manageable. All ecemed eager for the coms to their superstitious lears is chiefly through the immunity with which they can drink the poison that the doctors obpower over the people; and no won so many people die under it. The satesandou is a most violent poison. This was proved by the analysis of its roots which I caused to be made after my former journey.

A breathless slience prevailed while the young diversilowed the contents, the whispering of the wind could be heard through the leave drunk, the crowd began to beat their sticks on ground, and shout, "if they are wizonia, he mboundou kill them; if innocent, let it uti" repeating the words as long as the sus the spins of the young men became bloodshot, and the press that it is still undiminished.

**Mount St. Eleavis on New American St. Eleavis on

cited assembly. I was horror stricken, and al-though I would gladly have fied from the place, felt transitized to the apot. I knew that, if they fell, I should have no power to save them, but should be forced to see them torn limb from

At length, however, the cries came-a sudden At length, however, the crimery dischargeand the first intended vic im had escaped. ane, soon after, happened to the scool the third. They gradually came back to their ormer state, but appeared very much exhausted. ng the mboundou, although they pass the or-deal without giving was. They liager for a long time in a sickly condition, and then die. The trial was over, and the doctor close i the cere-mony by himself drinking an enormone quantity of the poison, with a similar result to that which we had witnessed in the young men, only that we had witnessed in the young men, only that he appeared quite lips, in his wild and incoherent sayings, while under the influence of the drink, he stated the the besitchers of Mayon, and the bringers of the prante, all not belong to the village, a deal incoherent which was received with great acclaimation. Mayon was rejuiced that the winards or with as did not nellong to his own people, and the whole people were will with joy, guns were dried, and the evening passed with beating of trums, singing and

ness of somen, data among children, plagues and witcheraft the latter taking away more lives than any slave trade ever did. Other travellers confirm the statement of the decrease of the population, and Du Chaillu concludes that the negro race has run its course, and is destined to become extinct, like the North American and other races. He believes that the negro may be other races. He believes that the negro may be raised to a higher standard of civilization, but that, if left to himself, he will soon fall back into barbarlem. In his own country, the effects of missionaries, for hundreds of years, have had no effect; the missionary goes away, and the people relapee into barbarism. All the reshow that the pegro has ever attained any tolerably high state of civilization. Everything tends to prove that the African is of great antiquity, and has always remained stationary. The Southern States of America are the only country in which the negro race is known to have increased in numbers. Of all the uncivil-

the most tractable and the most docile, and e possesses excellent qualities that compensate, great measure, for his bad ones. We ought, therefor concludes Dr Chaille, to be kind to im, and try to clevate him.

Ilorace Greeler nava that the darkest to first fancies that there is some easier way o

aining a dollar than by equarely earning it.

The prospect for a large crop of peache Delaware is reported as very flattering. old weather has had the effect of keeping the sap down and bude from expanding, and sho they not be injured by late frosts the crop bids air to equal that of Isd4.

At Concord, N. H., last September, J.

tridge and wife were divorced on petition of he woman, who commenced service as a bired naid for one of her neighbors. The husband at once began paying her his addresses, as h younger days, and a short time since the te were again united for a fresh start.

the estimated that there are 32,500,000 sheep in the twenty Northern States and two Territories, and the annual production of lambs

Noene in comedy Augustus-"I have out one idea." Susan..." I know it." Augustus ..."It is that you are dear to me." Susan.... 'Then I am your one idear." (Augustus

(A certain farmer (a pillar of the church had a fine field of wheat, which, being a little late, was threatened with an early frost. In the emergency, he went into his closet and wrestled in prayer with the Lord for its preservation. In prayer he stated the facts fully, and how the ip his petition in these words: "Not, Lord, hat I would dictate, but merely recommend

Washington, was one of the "orna ments" of Washington society during the win ter. It was told of him that on one occasion be escorted the wife of a prominent Congressman to the theatre, and after having seen her home he stole her valuable velvet cloak, which ha

been found at the pawnbroker's. The N. Y Express says: " New York aving given the Winter Garden Theatre to the acir magnificent Lindell Hotel in the same way may be asked what is the next thing to burn Also, whether with all our boasted in genuity and enterprise it is not possible to con struct a hotel, or a place of public amusemen

A man living in Grant county, Kentu ky has not reached three score and ten veare now living fifty four children. His name is has now living fifty four children. His name is "Chaia" Jim Webster. He regrets very much that he did not marry early in life.

The N. Y. Gazette says: " No people is world take fewer precautions against loss of life than do Americans, and no country exhibits such an extent of life insurance as is seen in the United States. The incomes of all the life policy companies for the past year in the different States amounted to forty one and a half millions of dollars, and this is only the margin put upor the nine hundred and thirty millions covered by actual policies. At the West, where stamboat explosions, freshets and sweeping pestilences seem the normal order of things, the habit of thus securing a money profit from death is al-

The effence for which M. de Grardin which he demonstrated with considerable force that France is lower in the scale of political the surrouncing trees. But it was only of directives than any other nation of Europe, exort duration. As soon as the poison was copt Spain; and that France is less free at home. without being more powerful abroad, than she was at the time of the coup delet. The Car The Carrectional Tribunal laid a fine of Saloho france men became bloodshot, law on the press

A Ghost Story Applyzed.

A house in Mileaukee has been haunted in a particular chamber since the death of a child, who, as goodpe said, had died from parental ne after the death of the child, giving as a resent that the associations with their lost child were so sad they preferred a change of residence Another tenant came in, and the steeper in that room was startled at night to the pattering of little feet overhead, by law months, and now and then a night would be made more terrible by an unearthic whistle. The house tename tenant-less, and the curious flocked to the haunted

ohem ber The landlord felt the necessity of retrieving the character of his house, and himself moved into it, he occupying the haunted chamber. The first hight passed without any aboutly manifeatament, and the except night he went to bed restained, and the school night for went to be made courage us then ever. Full the noises were heard, and he, not during to move, lay in terror until moraing. He related his experience to a neighbor who had more sense than most of his neighbors, and who proposed an investiga-

The Milwaukes Sentinel gives the result Search was had, and the clecovery made that a couple of dures had their cot in the garret, on population, even where the tribes are beyond the influence of the wings—hence the moans; the doves the influence of the wine men and the attendant wings—hence the sound of vinceting. The principal causes of this and the doves displaced naticipal of classical decreases are the slave. Wheres came that melancholy sound? Further nearch discovered a child's whistle used to fasten a rattling window-hence occasionally, when the wind blew, the whistle whistled; and that is the

Mind and Muscle.

Brown, who has been editing a weekly paper at a small town in an adjoining state for some time past, went through here a few days ago on his way to New Orleans in search of employ ment. Smith met him in the reading-room the hotel just before he left here, and asked him

ow he happened to abandon his paper.
"You see," said Brown, "Green and I started the thing in copartnership, and as he is no-thing of a writer, it was sgreed between us that I should edit the paper, and he should do the press work, etc. This arrangement struck me after a while as being unfair, so I said to Green one day, 'Green, I don't like toe way the work in this office is divided. I think that inasmuch as you merely work with your muscle, while work with my brain, you ought to allow me little bigger share of the profits. Brains ought always to command a higher price than muscle.

"All that may be true," said Green, "but look here, Brown, considering the large amount of muscle I've got and the very small amount of brains you've got, I don't think you have any right to say a blamed word."

"After that," continued Brown, "I felt that in justice to myself I couldn't associate on equal terms with Green any longer, and so I solf out my interest in the concern and left."

A BAD SINGER - After the balt's of Getive burg religious service was held in the field hos-pital, where some thousands of wounded lay partially protected by shelter tents. A clergy-man from abroad made an excellent address and then gave out the hymn " Rock of Ages." relating as he did a touching incident of a cler-gyman who breathed his last while his wife sung to him the closing words of that most devo tional of hymns. The "lead" in the singing was taken by a delegate of the Unristian Comnission and his wife. They sang execuably horibly, gratingly—their discord only broken by the groans of a poor fellow who had just suffered amputation at the shoulder, and who, as those memorable words died away and gave place to a blessed silence, sighed out in misers. I don't wonder that minister died, if his wif sung as badly as that, It would kill a well

"Who is die Hogart?' said George II. to the nobleman who had brought a print of the famous "March of the Guards to Emphley" for majesty's inspection and approval psinter, my luge," answered the courtier.
"Beinter!" exclaimed the king. "I hate bainting, and boetry, doo! neider de one nor ever did any good. Does de fellow ean to laugh at my Garts?" "The picture, and please your majesty," meckly responded the obleman, "must undoubtedly be considered as He deserves to be picketed for his explence! Dake is drompery out of my zight."

Catting down the forests of this conti ment has raised the average American stature more than a full inch, and the horseback riding Kentucky and the West has enlarged the capacity of the chest more than another inch. But the sedentary life of the student and the onfinement of our life dwarfs and pales vast odies of our youth, and they die or only half ive and degenerate to each generation without

The New Orleans newspapers have here tofore been published every day in the week, Sundays included. The Associated Press of that city have resolved, in order to afford all persons onnected with the newspaper offices an oppor mity of enjoying such rest, recreation or reli gious exercises as each may respectively ap-prove, to discontinue the Monday morning soiion of the several daily journals. Sanday papers are to be printed, but none on Monday,

Candor in some people may be compared emon drops, in which the acid predominates over the sweethers. LT A young man, 19 years of age, who is

inches high and weighs 42 lbs., is selling hotographs of himself in Unicago.

There is such a scarcity of dwellings in sheeville, Ohio, that fifty families there have

recently given up housekeeping

The best flour sells for \$6 a barrel in
Cantornia, and in Unah for \$7

(Remove every stone from the track in lave been removed in one minute, has battered and injured a thousand wagous, at a damage qual to a hundred days' labor.
The newspapers of California claim that

not be permitted to take eleeping care, as they others, so that the Ha tish S hate had fin lly are disturbers of the peace, for which conductors should be held responsible.

The permitted to take eleeping care, as they others, so that the Ha tish S hate had fin lly to declare themselves a "Provisional Governtors should be held responsible."

The Headquarters of Fashion.

When about to secend Mont Blanc, the Em-press Eugenie expressed a wish to have some Scotch travelling dresses, such as she had seen furing her visit to the Highlands. The Minister of Foreign Affairs undertook the commission and sent the order at once to the French Consul at Elinburgh, who replied that in tan days the box would reach the French Embassy in London. The given delay slapsed, but no tidings of the costumes reached Paris. His exceller telegraphed to the French Ambassad his turn telegraphed to the Consul at Edinburgh, and received the following reply: "The boxes have not yet arrived." "What boxes?" was have not yet arrived." "What boxes?" was telegraphed back from the French Embassy Why, the boxes containing the costumes of ed from Paris." The Scotch costumes the Em press had admired had come from Paris, and none such were to be had in Edinburgh, or had ever been made in that capital .- Paris Corres

Cousin John.

The Petersburg (Va) Express tells the following good story: A modest young gentleman from the country, while passing along one of our streets the other day, met two young ladies to him perfect strangers. He evidently retheirs, for as soon as they laid eyes on him, they gave him a very cordial greeting, expressed themselves to be very glad to see "cousing John," and extending two pairs of very tempting lips in token of their sincerity. It was not long until the kisses had been given and received, that the fair ones discovered their mistake, hough the gentleman in question eaw it from the beginning. Yet he was so overcome by his unexpected fortune, that it was some time ere he recovered his presence of mind. It's an ill wind that blows good to nobody; what "cousin John" missed, in this instance, somebody else gut.

Tux Albany Knickerbocker parrates the fellowing: "Our friend, Chris. Rapp, owns a small farm on the Schenectady turnpike, just Upon the farm is this side of the junction. Upon the farm is a small but dense wood. He recently leased the farm to a bone dealer, who purchases from all the bone dealers in the city and ships his stock to other sections. At times immense quanti-ties of hones are accumulated. This was the case a short time since, and as a consequence agine the surprise of Mr. Rapp, who visited the farm a day or two since, to find on the ground of the wood the bodies of about two thousand dead crows. In fact, the ground was literally covered. It was supposed, of course, that the birds had been attracted by the smell of the bones; a snow storm set in, which covered the bones, and the crows lingered in the hopes of securing prey. A cold enap followed, and the death of the large number above recorded was the result.

Among the private soldiers now on duty at the Jackson Barracks, below the city of New Orleans, is one by the name of Schultz, who served during the late was as colonel of an Illianis regiment, and upon leaving the service was breveted to the grade of brigadier. Finding no doubt a charm in military life, he re-entered the service and enlisted as a high private. But here's the rub. By an act of Congress, all exofficers of the United States are permitted, upon military occasions of importance, to wear the neignia of their brevet rank. Therefore, upon the next parade, will be presented the curious anomaly of a brigadier's star carried on the same shoulder with a musket. Will the in spected outrank the inspector?

SALT LASE CITY -A correspondent, writing of Salt Like City, save :- "This singular town covers an area of about nine square milesthat is, three miles each way. It is one of the most beautifully laid out cities in the world. The streets are very wide, with water running through nearly every one of them. Every block is surrounded with beautiful shade trees; and almost every house has its neat little orchard of the whole nine equare miles is almost one con-tinuous orchard." apple, peach, apricot, and cherry trees. In fact, the whole nine equare miles is almost one con-

A New Gas Light .- An ingenious, but certainly not very inviting mode, of procuring in France. A French chemist estimates human corps of ordinary dimensions, by a pro cess of combustion in retorts, may be made to yield 7 500 cubis feet of illuminating gas, at a This process is certainly making light of death.

Charles, dear, now that we are mar you know we must have no secrets; so do, like a dove, hand me that bottle of hair-dye, you will find it in my dressing case."

A somewhat juvenile dandy said to his partner, "I To which she replied, "Coming, but not arrived."

A dun was somewhat taken aback the ther day by the coolness with which the debtor said, "Call next Thursday, my dear sir, exactly at ten o'clock, and I'll tell you when to call

LT A lady writing of the rule of fashion We are all like the old woman of a century ago, who, upon going to her milliner's with materials for a cap, directed that it should be made in the most perfect simplicity; not even a tucker, or the faintest suspicion of one, would she abide. But, on turning to leave, nature was too strong for her, and going back she put her head in at the door, and said You may make it poke a suppressed voice: ittle-just a very little."

The Syracuse Journal denies the truth the popular impression that the Indians of New York are as a race incapable of civilian-It is said that for twenty years past they have increased the number of their schools and churches, and have also increased in wealth and

Maryland farmers are hopeful, as the weather wise in that state have noticed that whenever a heavy fall of snow occurred about the time of the full moon in February, large crops and an abundance of everything were sure

The new-papers of California claim that fourt Whitney, in that state, is the highest in he Union, it having an altitude of 15 mm feet need down Mount Hood to 12 mm and California Californ Mount St. Eins to 14 000 feet. chosen to fill the vacancy, but he declined, and the post was unsuccessfully off red to serve at

THE PRODIGAL.

Brother, heet thou wandered far From thy Father's happy home, With thyself and God at war? Turn thee, brother, homeward come!

Hest thou wasted all the powers God for noble uses gave? Squandered life's most golden hours? Turn thee, brother, God can save!

In thy heart and in thy soul? Discontent upon thy brow?

Turn thee, God will make thee whole?

He can heal thy bitterest wound, He thy gentlest prayer can bear; Seek Him, for He may be found; Call upon Him; He is near.

A blase woman of fashion has let out the secret why the German has become the fashion-able dance of high life: Ween I invite persons do not like, and who would naturally bore me, merely set them to dancing the German, and have no further care or responsibility for their oings the remainder of the night.

A lately published war book gives the following story of Stonewall Jackson:-"At a council of G nerals early in the war, one remarked that Major --- was wounded, and would not be able to perform a duty that it was proposed to assign him. "Wounded!" said proposed to seeign him. "Wounded!" said Jackson. "If it really is so, I think it must have been by an accidental discharge of his

The new style of short dresses are "mighty deceivin." A benevolent oid gentle-man, a little near sighted, came near getting into the other day, for remarking familiarly, "Well, sis, are your ears co d this morning?" The party addressed turned on the old fellow flercely, with "losolent puppy," "brute," "old villain," etc., and he found that instead of addressing a school miss, he had accreted a lady in the full bloom of womanhood.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Conted) Are Infallible As a Purgative and Parifier of the Blood.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pilis-say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to may portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly testeless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by nigh authority the best and finest purgative known They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Billousness, Billious Fever, agammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms esulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar 16-eow-L Holloway's Pills - When the weary sufferer tesses upon his fevered pillow, let him use these Pills, which, by expelling the causes which obstruct his rest, will make him enjoy refreshing sleep. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been moderately active. Sales about 10 (00 bbis supertine at from \$9.01,25; extra at \$10,50011.50: low grade and fancy northwest family at \$12.04.25; Penna and Onio family at \$13.015, and fancy brands at from \$1.5 500.01,50 4 bbi. Rye Flour sells at \$1.50. Corn Meai—Penna sells at \$3.25 \times bbi.
GRAIN—Frime Wheat continues in good demand. \$600 bus of Penna red sold at from \$1.3,20 for common to fair; \$3,300.3 to for good to prime; 1400 bus prime southern do at \$3,42; 2500 bus. No. 1 spring at \$1; 1000 bus No. 2 do at \$2,75; 1200 bus prime yellow sold at from \$1.240,1,27. Oats—\$0.000 bins sold in lots at 75.077c bus.

FROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Small sales are making at \$20.035 50 \times bit for new Mess Pork, 150.10c \times bit for plaked do; \$2.000 bus No. 2 do at \$2.000 bus his sold bus not to. Mess Beef is selling at \$1.000 bus for only market has been dull. About 100 bates of middlingssold at 22 do for oll, and 100 bates of middlingssold at 22 do for Oll, and 100 bates of middlingssold at 22 do for Oll, and 100 bates of middlingssold at 22 do for Oll, and 100 bates of middlingssold at 22 do for Oll, and 100 bates of middlingssold at 22 do for Oll, and 100 bates of middlingssold at 22 do for Oll, and 100 bates of middlingssold at 22 do for Oll, and 100 bates of middlingssold at 22 do for Oll, and 100 bates of middlingssold at 22 do for Oll, and 100 bates of middlingssold at 22 do for Oll, and 100 bates of middlingssold at 22 do for Oll plands, and

doz PTON-The market has been dull. About 10:0 of middlings soid at 27 a 27 a c for Uplands, and of middlings soid at 27 o 27 % c for Uplands, and 29c o h for New Orleans. AKK-30 hhds of let No 1 Quercitron sold at

COAL.—The market is very dull. We quote White ish at \$4,50.04,75, and Red Ash at \$4,750.5,25

FEATHERS Sales of prime Western at 87.000c FRUIT-Dried Apples Sales of Southern are re-orded at length, and Western at Sale. Dried eaches range at 13.015c for halves; 12% 013c for

FRUIT—Dried Apples—Sales of Southern are re-corded at 70 Sec. and Western at sale Dried Peaches range at 13 of 5c for halves; 12 y of 3c for quarters and 25 of 5c for pared. HOPS are in fair demand. Prime new sell at 60 50c, and fair to good at 40 of 50c w to 18 of 18

gailon
TalLOW—Sales are making at 11-11 ye for city
ndered, and log olege the for country.
WOOL—There is rather more doing. About
oses he soid at 61-65e for double extra, 59-68e
t extra; 37-65e for fine; 30-65e for medium; 45-6
t for coarse; 55-60e for good tub washed; 30-68e
for extra western pulled; 31-40
40e the for No i western pulled, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS. The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head. The prices realized from 17 pc 18 Nov 2 200 from 17 pc 18 Nov 2 200 from brangh from 845 to 65 y head. Sheep—844 head were disposed of at from 74 20 pc w b 3000 Hogs soid at from \$10,00 at 150 y took bas.

THE OUNTETTE ORCHESTRA.

collection of QUADRILLES, WALTZES, POLNAS, CONTRA-DANCES, POLKA REDO-SHOTTISCHES, MAZOURKAS, and SERENABE pieces arranged for two Violins, Clarionet, Cornet, and Bass. In five books, (one for ch instrument)

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MARRIAGES.

Rates of Advertising.

17 Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, ir William Wilson to Miss Annia B. Reed,

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. William Wilson to Miss Annia B. Reed, both of this city. On the 28th of March, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. William H. Derweiler to Miss Masora Zastay, both of this city. On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Wm. J. Mann. Mr. Francaics Street of Miss Louisa, daughter of John Pfander, Esq. On the 18th leatent, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz. Mr. William T. Hornian to Miss Annia Espawara, both of this city. On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Sami. Durborow, Francisca M. Wanna to Hallia L. William A. daughter of the late W. J. Crans, both of this city. On the 18th of March, 1867, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson V. D. M., Mr. Samuel Bughy to Miss Lavinia Urgerman, both of this city.

BEATES.

ID Notices of Deaths must always be accompa-ted by a responsible name.

At Germantown, on Thursday morning, the 18th, was L., daughter of Pearson S. and Emma L. eterson, aged 2 years and 13 days

We watched her breathing through the night, Her breathing soft and low, As in her breast the wave of life Kept heaving to and fro.

So allently we seemed to speak, So slowly moved about. As we had lent her half our powers To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears, Our fears our hopes belied — We thought her dying when she slept, And sleeping when she died.

Bef re the morn came bright and glad, To welcome April's flowers, Her quiet eyelids closed—she had Another morn than ours.

At noon, Thursday, the 18th instant, WILLIAM S. ones, in his 35th year.
tin the 16th instant, CRAWFORD RIDDLE, aged 25 in the 15th instant, Christianna Rhoales, in for the 15th instant, William B. Adams, in his On the 14th instant, WILLIAM S. BURRILL, aged the 16th Instant, WILLIAM B. ANNADOWN, 12 49th year. In the 19th instant, Danier. Stante, in his 75th On the 13th Instant, Mr. Evan Dalkywple, in his 6-th year.
On the 12th Instant, BARBARA J. M. CARDEZA, relict of the late Dr. Jos. H. Gallagher.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP. REFINED SAPONIFIER,

Or Concentrated Lye.

One paper box for 20 cents will make a pounds first quarity HARD SOAP, or, 175 pounds first quality SOFT SOAP

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and effectually concent their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMES" have the
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Fumphicis, which contain the New Rules for
Ampurisations, and full information for persons in
wast of Rends, sent free to applicants, by mail or
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The attention of Surgeons. Physicians, and all per-ns interested, is most respectfully solicited. The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made solely by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT. To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPY-1878, apply only to Dn. PALMER, as above directed.

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so say the ladies of their beauty, when the mirror shows them their once jet or golden ringlets streaked with grey But never was there a more

False Conclusion. Though the hair be as white as Time's own fore lock, or worse still, as red as a flery meteor-

PRESTO:

tis invested in a moment with the most magnifient black or brown by the agency of

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

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THE IMMENSE PROFITS OF THE TEA TRADE GREATLY REDUCED.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY became full convinced several years ago, than consumers of Tea, and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on those articles of every day consumption, and therefore organized THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, to do away, as fix as possible, with these enerthous drains upon the Consumers, and to supply them with those necessaries at the similar possible price. To give our readers as idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade, we will start with the American of the Tea Trade, we will start with the American of the account entirely. First: The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the righest retired merchants in this country lave made their immesse for times through their Houses in China. Second: The Hanker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Tea.

Third: The Importer makes a large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Tea.

Third: The Importer makes a profit of 5: to 59 per cent in many cases.

Fourth. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Furchaser aedis it to the Speculator in myonces and the Furchaser aedis it to the Speculator in myonces are the case of the case of the sold process.

and the Purchaser sells at to the Speculator in hydroces of 1,000 to 2,000 peckages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

Fifth: The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea. Dealer in lines, at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

Nizis The Wholesale Tree Dealer sells it to the Wholesale times in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

Nizis The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer, at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

Erchit The Relation sells it to the Consumer, for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these Elffitt profits as many brokerages, carlages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original coat of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can soil to very much lower.

We propose to do away with all these various profit and b otherages, carlages, alonges, cooperages and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one eartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will snaply pay up.

Through our aystem of supplying Club throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the I intel States, can receive heart I sale of the shough they bought them at our warehouse in this city.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House afores to our warehouses. We wareant all the goods we sell to give outre aster factors. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 3 days, and have the

PRICE LIST OF TEAS:

OOLONG (Hiack), 70c., 80c., 80c., best \$1.40° P.
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ENGLISH BREKERAST These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keep

Breakfast is not ree an

Hotels, Salcons, Hearting house account and a who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize that article by using our French Breakinst and Diso Coffee, which we sell at the new price of the per pouand warrant to give perfect anti-faction.

Consumers can save from Sec. to \$1 per in by purcha ng their Teas of th

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., New 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

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No. 131 GRAND STREET, Williamsburg.

Some parties inquire of us how that shall proceed to up a club. The answer is simple that Let easiers winning to join in a club, say how much ten a sife he wants, and select the kind and price from our rice List, as published in the paper or anaperlation the members of the ciuli can divide table among themselves.

COUNTRY CLUBS, Hand and Wagon Peddiers thousands, as of which are doing well, can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in one of Clube, can have each party's name marked on their package and directed, by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vessy Street. Parties sending Club or other orders for less than

express, to col delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but

will be as liberal as we can affect. We send me com rulary package for Cluba of less than 8 20.

CLUB ORDER.

Mineral Point, Wie Feb. 10th
To the Great American Tea Company
at and at Veere Street, N. V.
Gents: Having a few days age received a viesome of our friends in Green Co., we were indutheir praise of your Tess to give them a trial. I only asked a few of our neighbors to go in this time, but if this order suits, I think I shall be able to send a large

pay the amount as quick as I receive the Tea.

		er an hoc ett	atiy yours.						
			CHARLES	W	Al	l.K	Į.	R	
216	Best Oolon;	E	Walker	in.		01			00
3	Best Gunpo		4.6			23			
4	fis .	7	. Wa ker	. at	1	2	ı		81
10	4.6	V	V. Walker		7			10	Sec.
4	5.6		lob't Chicken						
4	**	J	ohn Henson.	nt.	1	21			K
4	6.6		ames Haster						
2	Oolong	J	ohn Henson.	- 51		141		×	(8)
4	Best Japan.		. Mathews	81		2)			Œ.

reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Tens and Coffees about one-third by mending directly

BEWARE of ad concerns that advertuse themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are beginn continuous. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authoize the use of our name. The numbers of our House

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These Machines are now sold, with valuable to

Plain Table, 6. State Wainut, 8. State Case, Panelled, Olied Wainut, 8. Maif Case, Polished, Black Wainut or Makogary, 6.

No. u Machine, with

Wated Binck Wainut Table
Half Case, Panelled, Olled Wainut,
Half Case, Polished, Black Wainut or Mahogany, 74
Half Case, Polished, Black Wainut or Mahogany, 89
Full Case, Polished, Black Wainut or Mahogany, 98
Full Case, Polished, Black Wainut or Mahogany, 100

Folished Table.

#aff Case, Oiled Wainut
#aff Case, Polished, Black Wainut or Mahogany, 52
#aff Case, Polished, Rosewood,
#ull Case, Polished, Black Wainut or Manogany, 106
Full Case, Polished, Black Wainut or Manogany, 110
with Drawers,
#ull Case Polished, Black Wainut or Manogany, 111
Full Case Polished, a occurred, 111

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th, use of the knife, or count to sent free ef charge. Address DRS HABCOCK A SON.

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claim and uniformity, making every watch of any one style a true copy of its model. This similarity in structure reduces the cost of production; it secures uniformity in results; it in-fallably perpetuates any excellence that may be once a hieved, and makes it easy to repair any in ary sustained, or replace any part that may be lost

or destroyed In addition to these mechanical advantages, our Watches are simpler in structure, and therefore stronger, and less likely to be injured than fereign

watches.
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ALTONAL PA, 15th Ber, 15th I ber and I be watches manufactured by you have been in use on this ratio of our equipment. There are now some three hindred of them carried on our line, and we consider them good and reliable time keepers. Indeed, I have great actifaction in saying your watches give us less trouble, and have worn and do wear much longer without repairs than any watches we have ever had in use on this road. As you are aware, we formerly trusted to those of English manufacture, of acknowledged good reputation, but as a class they never kept time as correctly, nor have they done as good service, as yours.

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Respectfully.

EDWARD H WILLIAMS.

General Superintendent.

American Watch Co., Waitham.

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ROCHETTE

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Book Agents wanted.



TIT AND EUMOR.

Etiquette on Street Cars.

The duty of gentlemen towards ladies of street cars is just now attracting considerable attention and discussion. "Curry O Lanus," the quaint humories, in discussing "whether the

I believe they ought.
I always side with the ladien.
When I am in a crowded car, and a lady ourse in, I think it is the duty of some other man to get up and give her his sent.

I look around the car to see if any man is

the crowd looks like making a move in that direction, and when I see them all keep their seats, I bury myself in my newspaper and blush

ne of your male correspondents think that the ladies ought to thank us for giving up our

Ladies, don't you be imposed upon by any much idea

Get the gentlemen into the habit of being thanked, and they'll expect it. Sick up for your rights, ladies, and stand on your dignity.

Dignity is a good thing to stand on, when you

But seats are your rights, whenever you can

get them. When ladies attain the privilege of voting, and send members of h is a x to Congress, we'll have the Constitution amenied to prohibit male creatures from being seated in the presence of

I think the fashionable etyle of pantaloon will send to promote a greater degree of polite nees to ladies in the cars and ferry bosts.

They are so tight that you cannot sit down in them with any degree of comfort or safety.

A War Anecdote.

While in winter quarters at Centreville, it came to pass that one of the rebel drummers, who, on account of his conduct, was not a par ticular favorite of Colonel Seymour, of the sixth collisions regiment, best the wrong call. The was perfectly at home in all matters of camp nt of his tent, and, meeting what he supposed to be the rascally drummer, at once went to work to punish him; and, having done so, he returned to his tent, where he found his orderly Fred, a German youth of quite gen teel manners, sitting before the fire with a broad smile upon his countenance, evidently suppressing outright laughter.
"What is the matter with you, my boy?"

quickly inquired the Colonel, who was still excited from his corporeal exercise.

After some hesitation and repeated questions of the Colonel, he said—

That was not the drummer you whipped ; it

The Colonel now became enraged at 1 red for not apprising him of his mistake in time, and came near chastising the Teutonic youth; but his good nature and heart now resumed their and be sallied forth from his tent in search of the injured individual, to make repara tion. On turning the second avenue he met the object of his search, grasped him by the hand, apolog zed in the must sincere manner, and, the weather being coid, invited him up to his tent and treated him to an apple toddy. The ap-peaced individual departed, and Fred was again seen smiling and snickering at the f. c. This time the Colonel waxed warm, and demanded peremptorily to be informed of the cause of his coming behavior and suspicious merriment

when Fred, bursting out, saidor treated the drummer to apple toddy he looks so much like the sergeant of Company

V. whom you whipped a white ago."

The * quid may be imagined. Fred got something, but it was not apple toddy

A Queer Wager.

The English are famous betters. A French paper (the French are always poking fon at John Bill) gives the following singular bet at Beighton between Sir John and Lord The first, who is a very small man, but the other, who is a tun of a man, that he could carry him twice around the hip, odrome. A large number of ladies and gentiemen at-tended to witness the proceeding.

When the giant and pigmy met, the latter

"Now, my Lord, I am ready. Take off your

"What! strip myself? You don't mean it?" "I bet to carry you but not a particle of your clothes. Come, let's proceed it won't do to it won't do to

disappoint these ladies and gentlemen."

But my Lord was influxible. He blushed at the pare thought of showing himself in the this costume of Venus emerging from the waves. So the referee decided that Sir John had won the het

A Roaring Orator.

"Mr. President-I chall not remain silent, while I have a voice that is not dumb, in this Assembly. The gent eman, sir, cannot exposts late this matter to any future time that is more suitable than now He may talk, eir, of the Herculean revolutions where republi were buried into arctic regions, and the work of centuriums refrieerate to ashee but air we can tell him multiplied subterraneously by the everlasting iles contended for thereby can no me reliverate around these wails, or the howlo the midright temped configurate the marble status into ice. That's what I told them."

EFFECT OF BRING JILYED - A gallant old officer was narrating the unfortunate his an early friend, who had been jilled by a first beauty in favor of the Duke of A. cluded his story that, in a tone of No sie, it was the death of him thes, effer a pause of much pathos, he added, with a faltering voice, "he did not live filteen

A QUEER DEFENCE -A New York officer who pefore the Police Commissioners the following rather lame defence .- "I had been out all night; I was wet and tired; I took one skey before I went into the ranks; had also had my hair cut that day, and whether it was the whiskey or my having had



A CAUTIOUS SUITOR.

Mindle Agen Uncle —" Not proposed to her yet! Why, what a shilly-shallying fellow you are, George! You'll have that little widow snapped up from under your nose, as sure as you're born! Pretty gal like that - nice little property—evidently likes you—with an estate in the High-

lands, too, and you a sporting man—"

Narran —"Ah! tind's where it is, uncle! Her fishing's good, I know; but I'm not so sure

man to an urchia munching candy at a lecture, "you are annoying me very much." "No I ain't neither," said the urchin, "I'm gnawing this 'ere candy."

What is mine, even to my life, is hers I but the secret of my friend is not mine

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LIMING LAND

Ever since educated men first began to tell us bout lime, its properties and applications to soils as an agent of fertility, they have con tinued to hold us and themselves, semi-blindfold by every eccaviet of them all, from Europe's bemical chief down to our every day, anonyous agricultural scribbler, saying, in epirit, if at in the exact letter :-- "The offices of lime in not in the exact letter :-"The offices of lime premoting fertility are but little understood."

Why this popular declaration of ignorance? artainly there is no more hidden mystery about he elemental constituency, or active agency of he made manures, only that its action takes a wider range, and it assumes more varied characters according to conditions of the soil itself, than any other fertilizer either natural or artificial can do. With many plants, as clover, peas, beans, and more or less with all leguminous plants, lime is as much an article of food as bread is to humanity, or hay to horses. In the majority of instances, however, it is only an active agent, changing conditions of other elements and fitting them for plant food.

The April No. of the Working Farm

exhaustive essay from the pen of l'refessor J. A Nach, upon time and its agricultural uses, crarer, more concise, plainer, and in every way reacer, more concise, pianner, and in every way more prescribed than stydings—within our knowledge—that has ever been said or written upon the subject. With a strong hand the Professor has swept away every particle of the seeming mystery that has so long shrouded the subject. explains its action and various offices, that the most practical, unscientific reader cannot fail to understand, how, when, where, and under what

The Professor tells us truly that the forms of me of the most value in agriculture, are quick me car bounds of irree, | marbie, dimestone, chalk, shells of fish, calcareous marls, I sulphate of gypeum, plaster,) marriale of time, and phosphate of time—quick lime and its carbonates being the anditions most important to be understood by

As the tendency of lime is always downward, he material seeking to hide itself in the subsoil, the sivice of Professor Nash not to apply line in advance of the time of need, is sound and judious. Lime is presented everywhere, in all soils that have never been subjected to cultivation, sometimes in excess, in other fuetances only in trace." Cultivation arouses its inertia, and at grees the surface destitute. Hence the necessity of its application, whenever so much of the found wanting in the material. Many thoroughly cultivated fields abundantly supplied with all other elements of fertility, fail to yield remunerative crops, simply because the excessive accumulation of manure lies dead, inert, wanting the quickening agency of some active aikali to arouse its dormant energies and fit it to become That agent is most readily and cheaply supplied by a surface application of

All low pasture or meadow lands have naturally a cold, sour soil, disposed to produce reeds, rushes, and coarse, swamp grasses rather than good, nutritious hav or pasturage. Such lands are always benefitted by an application of quick lime. So are all heavy, compact, clay soils. In almost all instances old superanguated apple and other fruit trees gone out of bearing, may he restored to health, vigor, and a fruitful con-dition, by quick lime in moderate quantities, supplied within reach of their roots.

There can be no arbitrary rule established as to quantity per acre, or the periods of applica-

"Look here, boy," said a nervous get- heavy, and imperfectly drained. Peas, beans, clover, and all leguminous plants, feeding as they do largely upon lime, exhaust it more rapidly than the grain crops generally do, and where they are consecutively grown frequent ap plications of lime are regulred

Making an average of all kinds of soils, the. varying conditions, and the different kinds of or open produced, probably about eight bushels of quick lime per acre "sould be the quantity required, the application to be repeated annually; some broadcast in the fall over pasture and meadow lands, and in the spring, as near to ploughing time as convenient, on land to be sown or planted with grain or vegetable crops.

One family of plants, time benefits largely and immediately by feeding them direct with its alkaline substance; another class it pushes for-ward by refining and charging the condition of the food already in the coil. It warms, and ac-complishes rapid decomposition of animal ma-nures, and converts them into suitable aliment for plants. It is an active agent in the forma tion of nitric acid, which uniting with lime makes the nitrate of lime, which busides being a vegetable stimulant, is a first-class fertilizer. Lime is not only a large manufacturer, but a powerful absorbent of ammonis, holding it close prisoner in the soil till it can be laid hold el nd taken up by plants. It causes almost all crops to hasten their ripening period, neutrazee and enters into combination with acids in ealine combinations inimical to plant growth. making food for plants of that which was before In short, lime in the man poisonous material. offices it performs is so essential to plant life

IBRIGATION.

In the United States, irrigation as an agent of fertility is so little known that nine out of every ten of our intelligent farmers, seeing a neighbor about to divert a portion of a stream of water into artificial courses and canals over the surface of his pastures, meadows, and cultivated fields, would very naturally set him down as N. C M.—non compos mentis, and in a neighborly way suggest to his friends a lunatic asylum for the mad man.

And yet in thousands of instances multiplied by other thousands, all over the United States, sparingly at first, and gradually increased; as maximum fertility might be achieved by water ing the surface, at a cost infinitely less than that so dearly obtained by the application of cords of muck, mail, and barn-yard manure, or tone of artificial fertilizers. In countries far behind us in general civilization the people are our masters in agricultural ingenuity. In portions of Italy, Seitzerland, Turkey, India, and many parts of South America, irrigation is the only fertilling agent resorted to, producing better crops than we are able to bring from the soil with all our high culture and extraordinary manuring. per centum of the best elements of fertility, properly prepared as plant food, and probably here-fifths of all the farmers in the United tates have at command streams so available for urposes of irrigation, that utilized in conjun tion with homemade manures, no foreign fertiliers would ever be required.

PRODUCING POTATORS.

Just now potatoes are covering in printer's ink a surface almost equal to the area given to the potato itself. Every third man that speaks or writes upon agricultural topics, runs into po-tatoes as inevitably as a partisan politician doe Everybody has got potato into personalities. tongue and the point of a steel per are getting potatoes in such legions of new varieties, every one of them first favorite with several people, that it is well the purchase sian America has been secured. One the entire purchase will produce famous potathis fever runs on through rears more, we shall require an extension of ter ritors in order to accommodate all the new are i lings, bybrids and first favorites.

But, after all, what have we gained in quality quantity by all this potato fuse and fever ! So far, nothing. Not a potate of the whole long list of Monitors, Goodrich, Garnet Chiles, White Sproute, Cozoce, &s, etc., ad infinitum, have we equal to the old time Orange, English Whites, when the rule was to out the largest potatoes three pieces for seed, plant two pieces in a hill, the hills three feet apart each way, cover with a

ging out with the hoe in the fall three hundred ging out with the hoe in the fall three hundred and fifty bushels of large, sound potatoes to the acre, free from all disease, and better in flavor than any we have among all our modern improved varieties. Now and then we have an instance of potato practice worth remembering and following. Here is one of them:—

Luet year in Compton, Canada East, Mr. Sulivan Fisk raised fire hundred and taenty bushels.

On Paris' asselling potates on one acre of land.

van Fisk raised five hundred and twenty bushels
of Davis's seeding potates on one acre of land.
Mr. Fisk communicates his method:—"Thirty
loads of barn-yard manure were spread in the
fall on oat stubble and ploughed under. In the
spring, the land was ploughed again, harrowed,
and furrowed about three and a-half inches deep,
the furrows being three and a-half feet apart.
Large potatoes were cut in three pleece, each,
and one place dropped in a hill, these being fifteen inches apart. The crop was hoed twice in
the most thorough manner."

MEDICATING TRADE

The sooner publishers and editors of agricultural journals put out and keep out of print such crazy quack nonsense as medicating fruit trees with calomel, coal oil, suiphur, salipetre, &., to protect fruit and foliage from insect maraudra, the better it will be for the community. Many sensible people, sound upon most subjects, are too ready to be imposed upon by itinerant seamps with nelly sering too and pulm off upon them who with palevering tongue palm off upon them many such worthless nostrums. There is no more possibility of medicating a tree by inserting drugs into a hole bored in the trunk, than there is of producing a second crop of hair on a It cannot be done, fellow fruit-

GATHERED GRAINS.

The New York Farmers' Club have a new sensation in a patent dish-washer that turns out by crank motion, tureens, pane, pots, plates, basins, bowls, etc., clean, dry, and ready for service, without crack or dent, four times faster than five score of hungry men can foul hom - " They" say so.

- Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, and several other states and territories of the great W. N. W., send us by private letters encourag-ing promises of plenty of fruit and extraordinary wheat crops

--- One load of sheep manure, housed, com-posted, and properly applied, is worth three of ordinary barn-yard material for almost all kinds of grain, vegetable, and root crops. That is a

- Short-horn stock leads the fancy list aga'n. A Geneva, New York, gentleman paid, the other day, \$10,000 for forty head of Duchess and Oxford short-horns. About seventy-six cents a pound on the hoof.

- Six young Vermont ewes were sold lately at \$600 a head. Rather high priced mut-

Whenever an ignoramus begins "blow ing" about Western ignorance and want of edu-cational resources, please hold up before him this Indiana fact:—The state of Indiana has a better educational system, and a larger commo school fund than any other state in the Union or out of it. Seven millions of dollars present school capital.

BECEIPTS.

OMELETTE PLAIN.-Break four eggs, and bear them well for a minute or so; add two table-spooneful of cream or milk and a little salt and pepper. Give it a few more turns with the whick; put a pat of butter in an omelette-pan or small frying-pan, stand it over a quick fire; as soon as the butter is hot pour in the eggs, stir them round quickly with a spoon until delicately set; collect it together in the centre of the pan let it remain a short time to get a little color see that it is not stuck, turn a dish over on it put your hand on the dish and turn it over with

SAVORY OMELETTE. - A teaspoonful of finelychopped paraley and the same quantity of es-chalots, two ounces of cooked ham, chopped also. Proceed as in the foregoing receipt, but as soon as the butter is hot put in the pareley and eschalots and shake it about a little in the hot butter; then pour in the omelette, adding the chopped ham, and finish as before. If pre-

ferred, the ham may be omitted. SALAD CREAM -Put the raw yolks of four eggs into the whisk-pan with a teaspoonful of made mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a dust of pepper. Mix this a little with the whisk, beating it well each time. The relative quantity of oil to be used in proportion to the vinege added, if approved; it should be quite thick and

emooth.

LEG OF VEAL (EN SURPRISE) - Lard veal with slips of bacon and lemon peel cut thin; make a stuffing the same as for a fillet of veal, only mix it with half a pint of oveters chopped small stuff your veal with this, and put it to stew with very gently till quite tender; then take it up, skim cil all the fat from the liquor, and add some lemon juice, mushroom cateup, the crumb of a roll grated fine, half a pint of ovetere, a rint of cream, and a bit of butter rolled in flour. Let this sauce thicken over the fire, and serve it over the weal. Garnish the dish with oyeters dipped in butter and fried, and then elices of toasted bacon.

ITALIAN CHEAM - Dissolve three-quarters of with half a gill of milk, let it nearly boil, whin three quarters of a pint of good cream, add the yellow rind of a lemon rubbed on a piece of sugar and the juice, about a tablesr sifted sugar and half a wine glassful of brandy; when the cream is besten to a good consistence pour in the isinglase (which should not be scalding bot); beat for a minute and pour it nto a mould, when sufficiently set dip the mould in lukewarm water and turn out upon a dish.

LEMON SPONGE -Pat one conce of gelatine ato a clean stewpan, with half a pint of water, let this coak for baif an hour, then add the rind on rubbed off on a piece of sugar, the nice of two, and about a quarter of a p sugar; put this on the fire and allow it to boil, stirring it occasionally; remove it from the fire and add to it a glass of sherry and a tablespoonful of brandy; as soon as it is sufficiently old without being congealed, beat the whitee of three eggs to a stiff froth and gradually pour in ntents of the stewpan, beat for a few minutes or until it becomes a thick snowy mass remove the whisk and place the mixture in cold place to get firm; it may then be taken out my hair out that made me act so queer, I don't too. Soils naturally dry and porous, generally hoe from five to its inches deep, cultivate with require less lime than those that are tenacious, the hoe, hilling up always in doing so, and dig-

THE RIDDLER.

Historical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One of the tribes of Israel A celebrate i Emperor of Rome.

A mighty conqueror.
A monarch noted for his cruelty.
A river on whose banks Alexander fought a

A Jewish maiden who was raised to a high

A celebrated Grecian. The delty of the five worshippere.

A Grecian warrior and sage. A mighty prophet in Israel.

A mighty prophet in Israel.

The initials form one of Longfellow's poems. Irrein Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.

Military Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 79 letters. My 36, 22, 13, 34, 17, 6, 28, 86, 10, 38, 3, 7, 17, 35, 47, was a General in the late war. My 21, 40, 16, 14, 43, 1, 17, 11, 50, 39, 57, 4, 40, 18, was a Brigadier-General in the

late war. My 5, 36, 8, 30, 20, 25, 28, 33, 19, was a Briga-

My 5, 86, 8, 80, 20, 25, 28, 33, 19, was a Brigadier-General in the late war.

My 12, 42, 57, 76, 12, 46, 12, 28, 55, 87, 15, 58, was a Major-General in the late war.

My 9, 2, 22, 47, 22, 29, 30, 31, 45, 59, 76, 22, 15, 48, 49, was a Mejor-General in the

late war.

My \$0, 68, 75, 76, 67, 31, 65, 69, 75, 27, 57, 16, 31, 26, 50, 74, was a Msjor-General in the

late war. , 64, 67, 28, 77, 8, 52, 68, 79, 48, 12, 54, 74, 76, was a Major General in the late

74, 78, 65, 23, 4, was a Major-General in My 50, 74, 78, vo, 20, 4, was a Major-General in the late war.

My 71, 70, 8, 44, 20, 57, was a Major-General in the late war.

My 16, 27, 53, 63, 14, 25, 56, 22, 55, 85, 62, was a Major-General in the late war.

My 72, 32, 67, 21, 16, 46, 43, 63, was a Major-General in the late war.

My 66, 67, 36, 87, 57, 50, was a Major General in the late war. My 36, 21, 22, 12, 73, 68, was a Major-General in the late war.

My whole is a patriotic couplet familiar all.

ALIDA CARNWRIGHT. Palenville, N. Y.

Problem.

A speaks the truth 8 times in 4; B 4 times in 5; and C 6 times in 7; what is the probability of an event which A and B assert and C denies! W. H. M.

An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY BYRNING POST, Two arrows are sticking in a circular target. Required—Tre probability that their distance apart is less than half the radius of the target.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Pranklin, Venango Co., Pa. An answer is requested.

Problem. WRITTER FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Bought a horse and a certain number of bushels of oats. The price per bushel was just one half as many cents as there were bushels, and the horse cost twice as many dollars as there were bushels of corn; after keeping him until he had eaten one-half of the oats I sold him for \$200, and gained 20 per cent. of the whole cost. Required—the cost of the horse, the number of bushels of oats, and the price per bushel.

L. C. GLESSNER. Findlay, Ohio.

An answer is requested.

Connadrams.

Why is a man who does not lose his temper like a schoolmaster? Ans.—Because he keeps school (cool.)

and his horse alike? Aus .- When they both feed at his table (his stable.) Why is a man who goes up town after

beer like the goods in an auctioneer's shop!
Aus.—Because he is up for's ale (up for sale.) Why is an old dog like an inclined lane? Ans.—Because he's a slow pup (slope

Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA-" Bury me on the banks of the Seine, amidst the people I have loved." ENIGMA—Dee Laford Trimble. RID-DLE-Nicodemus.

Hindoo Abstinence from Animal Food. In the new edition of McCalloch's Geographi-

cal Dictionary (four vols, Longman & Co.), Mr. F. Martin, the editor, eavs:—"It is a popular but erroneous notion, that the Hindoos live would be inconsistent with the physical nature of man, who, in reality, is omnivorous. The most fastidious of the Hindoos in point of diet are great eaters of milk and butter; fish is also extensively used near all the sea coasts, and on the shores of the principal rivers; and t the people of India hold this description of food as abominable, except the inhabitants of the remote interior, who have no means of procuring it. Even flesh, however capricious in the select of the Hindoo people, and it is the want of means rather than religious scruples that makes them refrain from it. In cases of urgent necessity even religion suthorizes any kind of food, and in the event of a famine a Brahmin may [We can hardly re eat the limb of a dog." [We can hardly re-concile this with the statements made during the late terrible famine in Orissa, where the people were dying for the want of rice, while multitudes of slock oxen roamed about un-

One of Josh Billings' maxims :- " Rise arly, work hard and late, live on what you can't cell, give nothing awa, and if you don't die ritco, and go to the devil, yu may sue me for